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Vol. XIV.

MARCH, 1908

No. 3

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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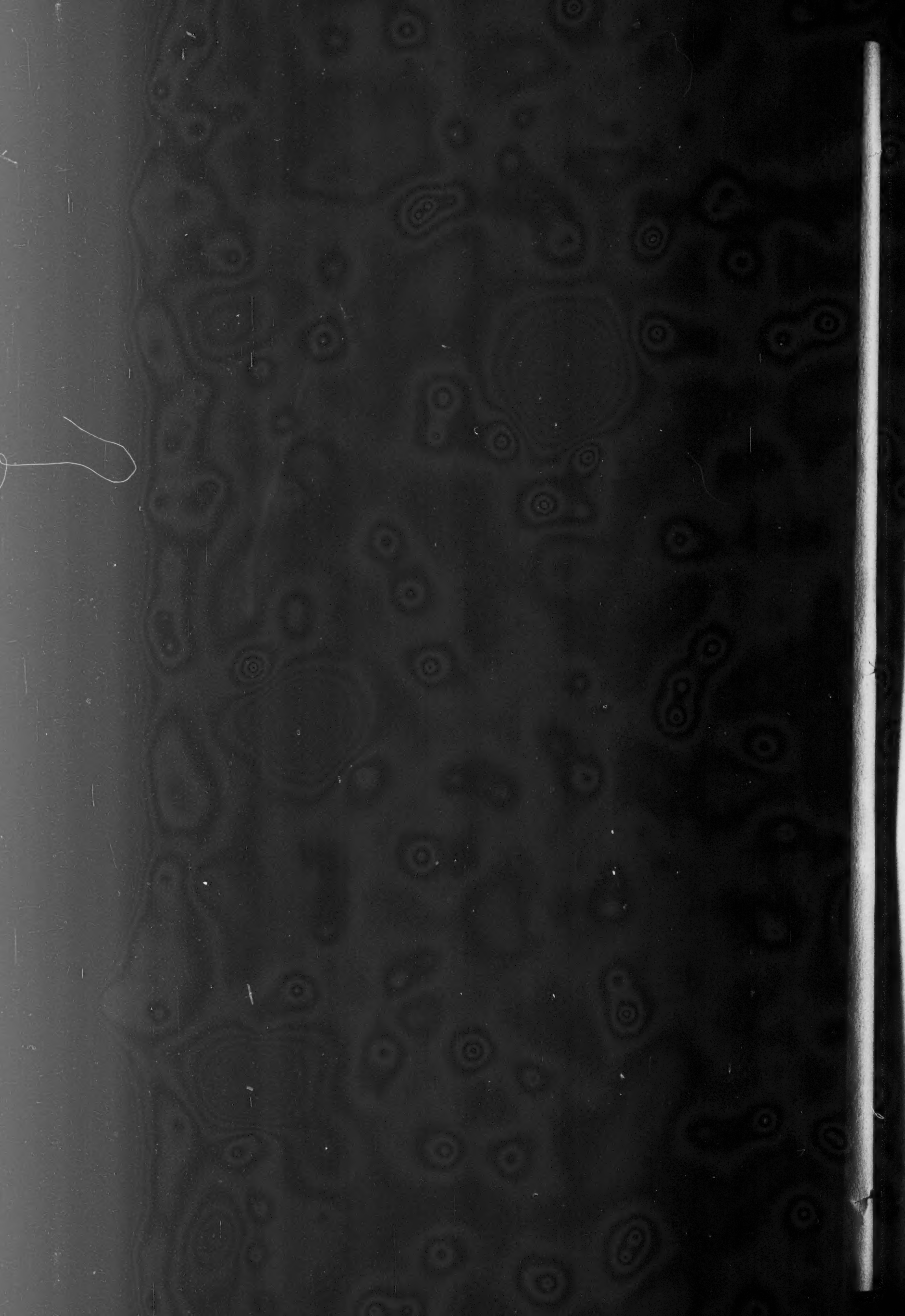
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Q.—Where do the banking institutions and insurance companies get the money which they invest in stocks and bonds?

A.—The bulk of it comes from depositors and policyholders.

Q.—About how much interest do banks pay depositors on their money?

A.—Usually, from three to four per cent.

Q.—How much do these same banks make on the moneys of depositors?

A.—I should judge that they make at least 25 per cent.; for if not how could banks pay the large salaries that they pay to their officers and employees, and the large dividends that they pay to their stockholders? A certain bank in New York City pays a yearly dividend to its stockholders of 200 per cent.

Q.—And that bank is able to do that from the profits made on the moneys of depositors?

A.—Yes.

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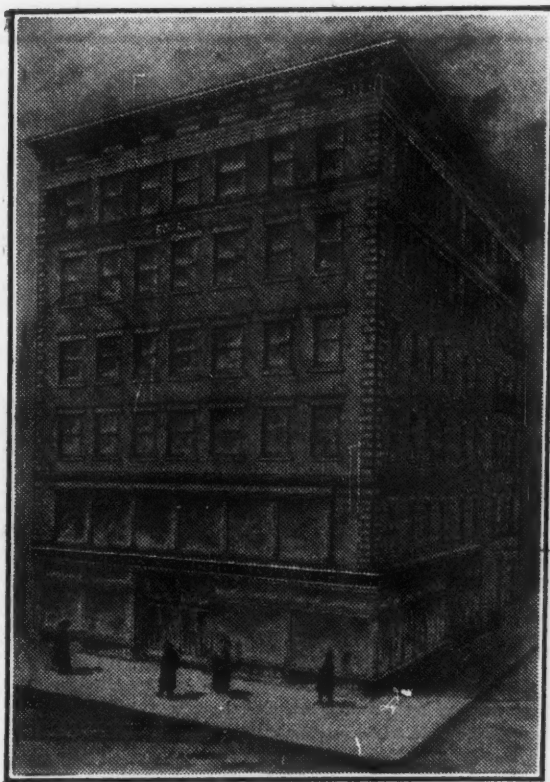
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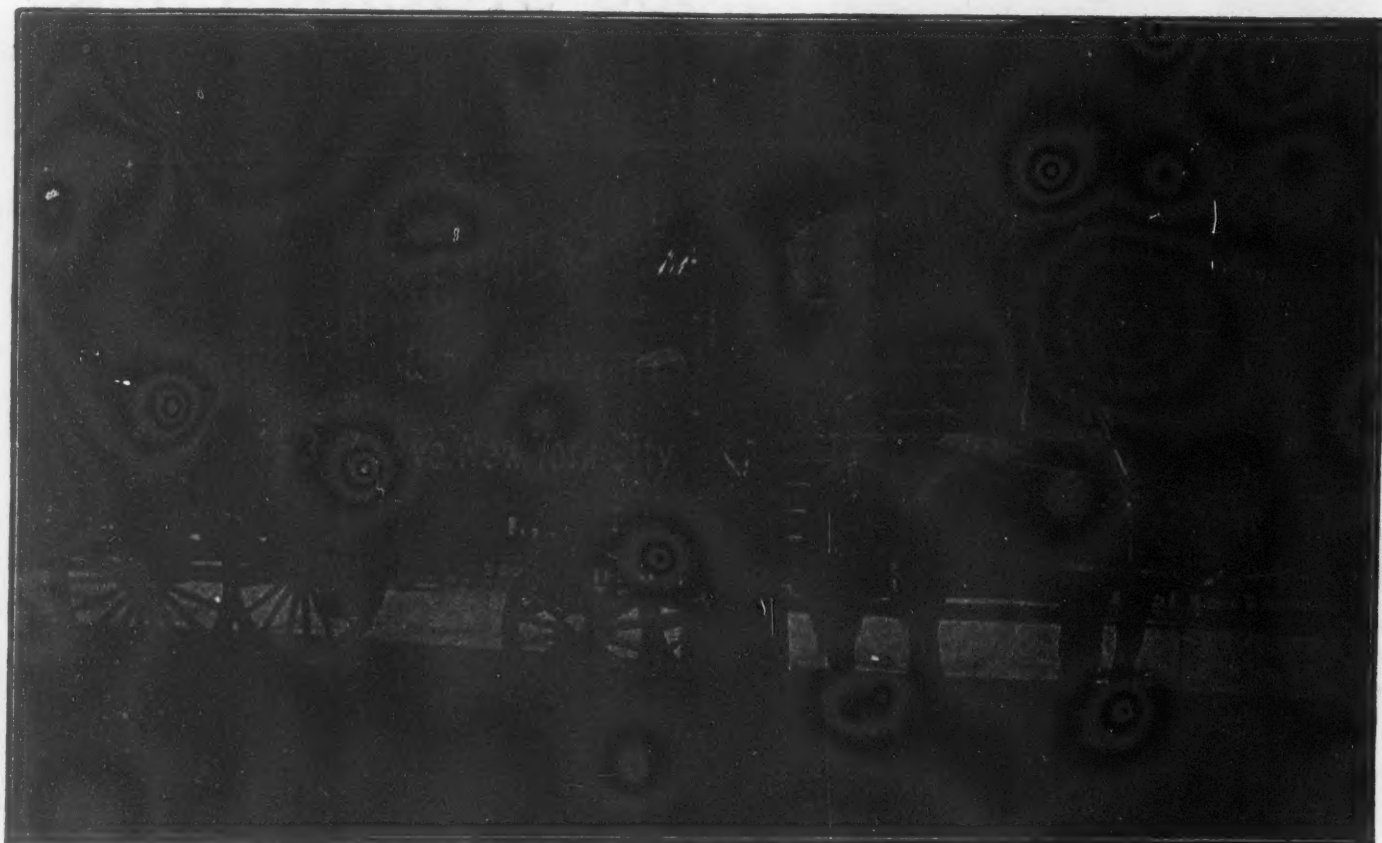
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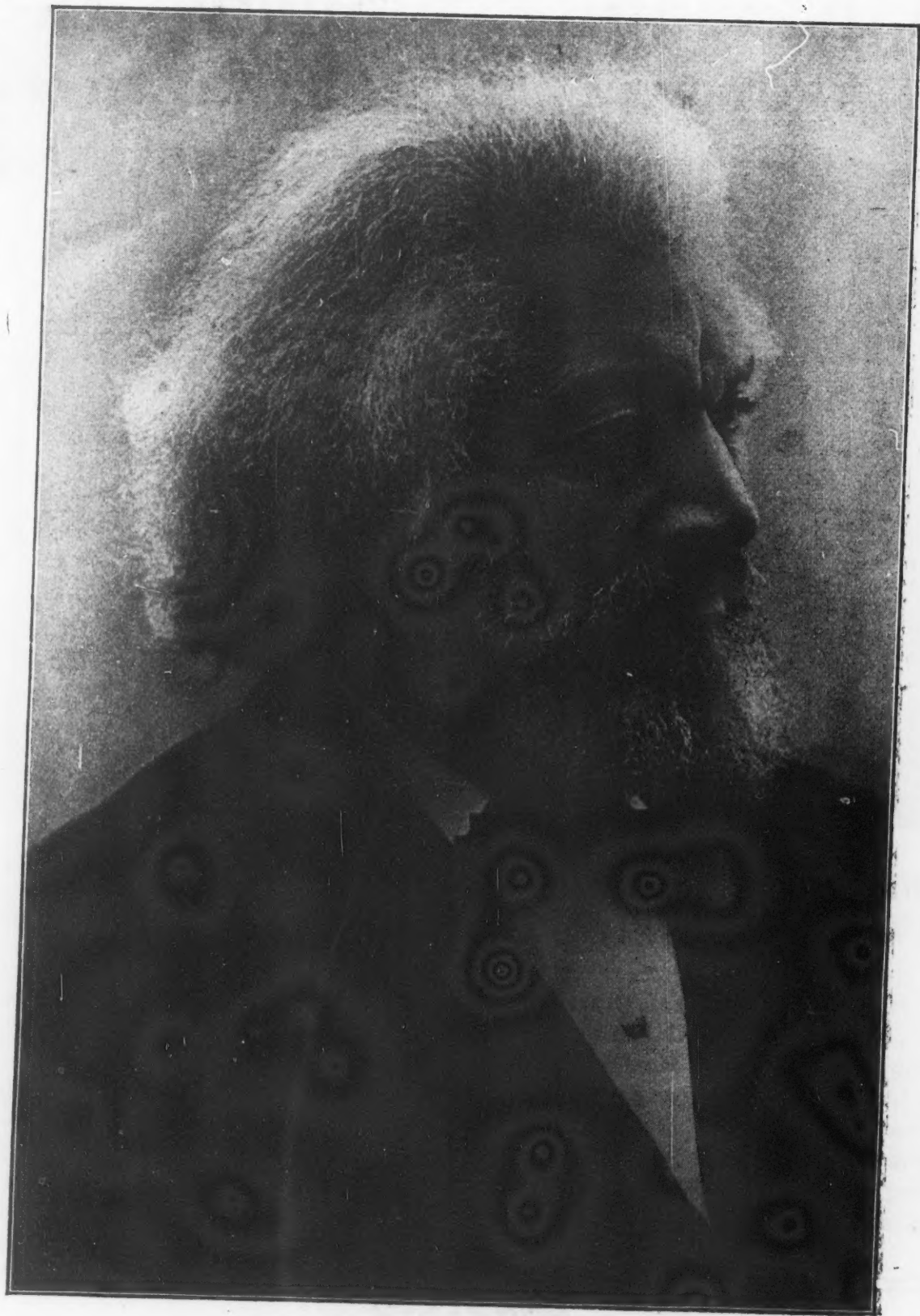
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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

MARCH, 1908

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THE MONTH

A NEGRO GETS A CARNEGIE MEDAL



WELVE Carnegie Medals were recently awarded to persons who have performed heroic acts, and among the twelve is mentioned George A. Grant, of Croton, Conn., who stopped a runaway team which was dragging behind it a carriage containing Chas. Campbell, of Boston, and Chas. A. Whipple, of Providence. He saved the lives of two men, but was so badly hurt that he died the next day. His widow will be given a silver medal and \$25 a month for life, if she remains a widow, and each of his four children will receive \$5 each a month until they are 16 years old.

A Rhodes Scholarship has also been won by a colored man, which taken together with the above indicates that the Negro is in evidence along with other people who perform brave deeds and distinguish themselves as scholars.

WHITE LABOR ONLY

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—Of far-reaching importance to industrial workers in the

South and in the Pennsylvania mine and iron making fields, was the action of the War Department to-day in awarding a contract for the construction of two large dams in the Black Warrior River, Alabama, to the Pittsburgh Corporation, known as the Drave Contracting Company, at their bid of \$700,000. This corporation already has done much river and harbor work for the government, but it is now, with the knowledge of the War Department, about to engage in an experiment of great interest and importance to the South in undertaking to carry out this large project by the use of white labor exclusively. The basis for this decision is the fact that the contractors believe they can at the present time easily secure the necessary amount of high grade white labor in Pennsylvania and adjacent manufacturing States as a result of the existing industrial depression. The object of the dams is to open a slack water navigation in the Black Warrior River, giving access to the great coal fields that are expected to supply the large quantity of fuel required for the shipping that will frequent the Panama canal.

We shall watch with great interest the result of this experiment of using exclusively white labor in the construction of this work on Southern soil.

We remember it was once heralded to the world that no Negroes should fight in the late Civil War, and later that

the Panama Canal was to be dug by white men, but later developments brought out a good many Negroes on both of these enterprises, and they were welcomed as a valuable aid in these great efforts. Let the Negroes go on with what work they are allowed to do and do it well. Prejudice sometimes breaks its own neck when given rope enough.

EPIDEMIC OF LYNCHING IN GEORGIA

WITHIN the last sixty days there have been five or six colored men lynched in the "Empire State" of Georgia. At one point two prisoners were burned to death in a steel cage inside the jail building by a mob. These men were accused of assaulting an officer and the newspaper reports that the mob lynched them because it was feared that they might be acquitted at the trial, which would indicate that the mob was bent on revenge rather than punishing a guilty man. Governor Hoke Smith was elected to office in Georgia on a white supremacy platform that advocated Negro disfranchisement as a solution of the Negro problem. But in all cases the result of elections based on Negro hating platforms has been a wake of murders and animosities such as were not known before. Governor Hoke Smith, no governor, or anybody else can preach race hatred one day and expect peace and quiet to prevail between the races the next.

The trouble is when the fire-eaters preach race hatred their constituents take them seriously, and acting on the instructions given, think they are at liberty to treat Negroes as they please, as

soon as one of these fire-eaters gets into office; and while the demagogues who set them afire may not mean for it to go any further than to get out a good vote for themselves, yet the "team" in such cases always gets away with the driver. The moral then is stop stirring up race hatred—sooner or later trouble enough will come without forcing it, and those who do not refrain from provoking it or suppressing what is already provoked, are enemies to the best interest of the country.

NEGROES FUSING WITH WHITES

PROF. FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, of Columbia University, in his lecture on "The American People of the Future," at Cooper Union recently, expressed the opinion "that the American Negro was rapidly being fused with the whites and that unless the Negro race is increased by emigration from Africa or elsewhere, in the next hundred years or so the Negro as we know him will be no more."

"The real Negro question in the South," said Prof. Giddings, "is that the white people do not believe that it would be advantageous for civilization and American institutions to permit the general amalgamation of the white and Negro blood, and they cherish this view with intense bitterness and prejudice on account of past traditions, and exclude the Negro from social equality with white men. It is not merely political tradition; it is merely economic conditions. It is a race instinct, and is especially held by the women of the South, that if the Negro were admitted to join in everything socially and equally with the white man, nothing could prevent the

amalgamation of the blood of the two races. That amalgamation they do not believe to be for the highest interest of the South and the civilization of the white American nation.

"However, notwithstanding this attempt of the white people of the South to exclude the Negro from social equality with white men and to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, the Negro is fast disappearing.

"As years go by the population of the full-blooded Negro of the American population is rapidly and surely disappearing, and in his place we have the mulatto, the quadroon and octoroon. This means, of course, that notwithstanding the legal attempt to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, and the reproduction of a race of blacks and whites, reproduction goes steadily on."

Prof. Giddings expressed himself as being opposed to Japanese immigration, saying we had a black peril, and it was wise to avoid a yellow one.

The Professor acknowledges that "notwithstanding the legal attempt to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites * * the reproduction goes steadily on." Prof. Giddings does not say how it goes on, but a great many people think they know *how* it goes on; and this fact makes them feel more keenly the outrage of "Jim Crowing" in one case and not in another. Much of the bleaching, however, is due to the intermarriage of the lighter colored people with the darker ones. This goes on continually and is responsible for more of the bleaching than race intermarriage.

CHARGED WITH PEONAGE

J. A. McILHENNY, who is a personal friend of President Roosevelt and lately appointed Civil Service Commissioner, and whose appointment has created as much consternation among the Negro people of this country as a hawk creates by flying over a poultry farm, is being charged with peonage in that he confines white foreign labor on his tobasco sauce pepper plantation in Louisiana, giving them only a pittance of wages and abundance of hard work after many sweet promises of high wages and little to do. "Once on Avery Island it is extremely difficult to get away, especially for men who have families and are not provided with ample funds." A good part of the wages earned in the beginning is retained by the company to pay for the railroad transportation and the purchase of provender for the family does not leave very substantial balances. It is alleged that the laborers signed contracts for \$1.50 per day, but when they got to the island they could get only \$1.00 per day. They left the island and on reaching New Orleans found by consulting a law firm that their contracts would not entitle them to sue for damages and their case was not regarded as one of peonage. We do not know how true these charges are against McIlhenny, but we do know that his purpose to prevent Negroes from getting many more places under Civil Service examinations has been apparent from his speeches and writings on this subject since he became Commissioner. One of his pet schemes has been to separate the races in examinations; this would

give the departments wanting help a chance to choose from the white list in preference to the colored, and the Negro papers would stand a show of being marked low by the examiners because they would know which is which. Now neither the examiners or the heads of departments know a Negro's paper from a white man's, and the color of the person "certified up" for appointment is not known until after he is selected; hence many colored people have been getting appointed on merit who might otherwise never got a place. McIlhenny may not have peonage in Louisiana, but it looks to a man up a tree that he is working over-time to keep the Negro out of the Civil Service places.

And while on this subject of peonage, it might be well to remark that certain Southern Congressmen are getting quite red in the face and fussy at the mouth because Miss Mary Grace Quackenboss has been appointed by Attorney-General Bonaparte to ferret out and report on the subject of peonage in the South. Congressman Yates Webb wildly exclaims, "Why don't she investigate the North where there is a hundred times more peonage than at the South." But this wild Congressman is not corroborated by the Italian and Austrian governments who have driven out the arrogant agents of America from these countries, who solicit emigrants for the Southern States. In other words, the foreign countries from which emigrants usually come to America are advising their people to steer clear of the South. They don't want any complications with this country on account of bad treatment which they be-

lieve their subjects will get in the South, and this explains the dearth of immigrants to that section of the Union, while so many are going West.

RACE PATRONAGE VS. RACE TALK

WHAT our people need is not so much race talk as more of *race doing*. Some of our preachers and platform orators are continually talking about race progress and race achievement, but are doing nothing to help on the race in a substantial way. Some people who talk about race pride until they foam at the mouth never buy a dollar's worth of groceries from a Negro grocer or patronize a Negro lawyer or doctor. Some preachers make a great howl when a colored man visits a white church, but make no fuss because a Negro buys his groceries from a white grocer instead of the colored establishment next door. What the race wants is not so much of the glad hand on the street and "howdy-do brother" in the church as true and faithful race patronage. We must build up the race by patronizing our own. The white people like us as servants, but very few of them care much for the Negro in business; they just haven't got accustomed to us yet in business. We must nevertheless teach them this lesson by entering business on our own account.

There is another very good reason for our becoming strong in business, and that is that we may be able to protect ourselves. Negro bondsmen are needed in places where a white bondsman will not aid us. In small places it often occurs that all the whites get on one side against the black when race difficulties occur, and if a white man should venture

to go bond for a Negro he would be ostracized or driven out of the community. It is strange that colored people cannot see the value of organization and co-operation along these lines as well as along the lines of taking care of the sick and burying the dead. Are we a race that care more for the dead than the living, anyway? Shall it be said of us that we had rather have an expensive funeral than anything else. Most all of our present day organizations point toward one thing and that is a *big funeral after death*. A two-cent Negro while living is magnified into a most important personage after death. His dead body is taken into church where it never went before his death and the Holy Writ is read over it when he couldn't hear it, instead of in life when he could hear it. When we come to think of it our fondness for big funerals and display after death is a weakness that should be gotten rid of. Besides the ridiculousness of the thing it keeps many a family in want for many moons after burying some worthless member who was probably better off dead than alive.

Let us who speak to the race emphasize these matters more and more, here a little and there a little, until we effect a reformation. What the race will not do naturally and of its own volition that is right and progressive, the leaders must teach it to do. As are the leaders, so will be the race.

MORE SOUTHERN INJUSTICE

New Bern, N. C., Feb. 1.—The 13-year-old daughter of Mrs. Samuel Basden, of Pollocksville, was attacked and assaulted near Pollocksville Friday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock. The girl was re-

turning home from a neighbor's and the road was a lonely track with few houses. She was caught by a boy, whose name was David Bryan, and dragged some 75 or 100 yards where the assault was committed. The girl raised the alarm upon reaching home and the boy, who lives in the vicinity of the place where the deed was committed, was arrested and taken before the girl and was identified. He was taken before Justice White and in default of bail committed to jail for trial. He tried to conceal his identity by giving another name, but it was proved the person whose name he gave was at work several miles away. The boy is 16 years old and his father is said to be an industrious and respectable laborer.

Clinton, N. C., Feb. 4.—This morning early it was rumored on the streets that a Negro in the upper part of the county had assaulted a white girl of good family and character with intent to rape her. About the middle of the forenoon the sheriff brought him in the court-room and a great crowd followed him in, filling the court-room, but all was orderly.

The next case was State against Noah Britt, and the jury promptly rendered a verdict of guilty, and Noah goes to the pen for 15 years. At the beginning of the testimony Judge Neal stated that he had the power to clear the court-room but he would not do so, but that he would only state that all the gentlemen in the room would. The room was cleared at once and the trial proceeded to a speedy termination.

The people are very much pleased with Judge Neal.

The above clippings are taken from a white Southern paper and inserted only for the reason that they give proof of the fact that all the assaults in this section are not committed by Negroes. The parallel to this is an assault committed in another county by a Negro. The Negro got into the penitentiary the same day, but the white assaulter is not there yet. He may not get there at all. One man got what he probably deserves and

the other does not get it because he belongs to the white race.

ANOTHER NEGRO BANK OPENED

Arrangements are being made for the opening of a colored banking institution in Durham. This will be the Farmers' and Mechanics Bank and it is thought now that the building can be completed so as to be opened in the early spring or summer. The capital stock will be \$10,000 and R. B. Fitzgerald will be president and W. G. Pearson cashier. Fitzgerald is one of Durham's wealthiest colored men and Pearson has been principal of the Whitted graded school for several years. The new bank building will be erected on Parrish street, next to the buildings now opened and occupied by the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association. In fact the insurance company will own the bank building and lease quarters for the bank.

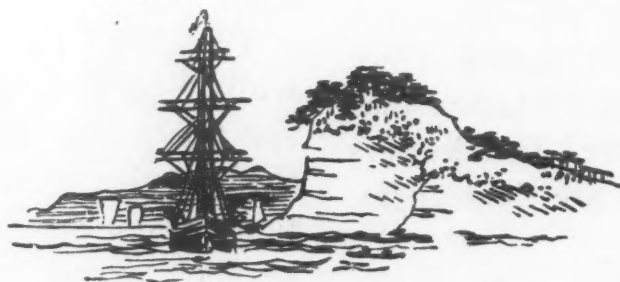
While white banks are failing, it would appear "nervy" for Negroes to be engaged in opening new banks, but this is just what is going on according to the above extract. Negro banks are a neces-

sity, as they stimulate economy and thrift in the race. But Negro banks must not contract the bad habit of failing. If they do, confidence will be so shaken as to set the whole idea back many years. More Negro banks is the watchword, and let everybody open an account with the new Negro bank at once. is our advice.

WORTHY OF SUPPORT

READ the NEW YORK AGE, the greatest Negro weekly published. It has quick news and all of the happenings of the race worthy of publication. THE AGE is 24 years old—always comes out. The MAGAZINE and AGE can be had together at a special rate for the next 60 days for \$2.00.

Negroes engaged in business should let their business be known by placing an ad. in these publications. It pays to advertise.



The Negro and the Presidency

By JOHN M. HENDERSON, M.D.



THE Republican party will go into a convention in 1908 to name a candidate for President under peculiar circumstances. Several States have decided to present the names of favorite sons. Illinois will offer the name of Speaker Cannon, Indiana that of Vice-president Fairbanks, and Pennsylvania that of Senator Knox, and it is almost certain that Ohio will offer Taft, While New York may offer Governor Hughes.

From the character of the situation the Negro will be a much more influential factor in the convention than he will be in the subsequent campaign and election. There will be very few Negroes in the convention from States that will count in the election, but the majority of Negro delegates will be from States that can offer no electoral votes. The convention will be composed of 980 delegates, 491 delegates can name the candidate for President. There is no good reason to doubt that the candidate named next June will be the President to be inaugurated the following March. There is no sane citizen who believes that the noble man and staunch friend of the race, Senator Foraker, will be nominated. Senator Foraker has no such expectation himself. If the Negro is going to take some part in politics it is best

for him to do like all others do, play the game according to the rules of the game. Senator Foraker desires with all of his heart to defeat the nomination of Taft. Senator Foraker has shown himself to be so true a friend of the Negro that his influence with the race is vast, but he should be great enough and unselfish enough to rise above personal ambitions and refuse to allow his simple and loyal friends to be sacrificed.

It may be that President Roosevelt made a grave mistake in the Brownsville matter, but there is no good reason to think that the impulse which swayed him was one that was based upon enmity to the Negro. As Bishop Derrick said: "The President would have acted the same way had the soldiers been white men."

Had the soldiers been white men, the South and the North would likely have resented the action of the President as bitterly as have the Negroes under existing circumstances. Senator Foraker has taken a course in defence of the Negro which most of the Senators would have taken had the soldiers been white. He by this becomes a hero and deserves the love and gratitude of the race whose bold champion he has become, but, to the sane, all of this does not afford good reasons for following Senator Foraker to the glorious and heroic political death which

he has foreordained for himself. If the Negro is to use to his best advantage the fragment of political power left him he must play the game with boldness.

All Negroes are grateful to Senator Foraker. The very men whom President Roosevelt has appointed to office are as sincerely grateful to Foraker as are his most ardent and blind advocates, but politics is one thing and sentiment is something else. Foraker will not be the candidate for President, and does not expect to be, and no sane person thinks that he will be.

The Negro may not be farsighted enough to pick the one who is to be nominated, and may not be able to line up for him before his nomination, but he should be prudent enough to so conduct himself as to be able to loyally and gracefully fall in line with the party when the standard bearer has been selected.

It is certain that President Roosevelt does not seek to be the candidate, but it

is not certain that he will not be. It is manly for Negroes and white men who think that the President was wrong in the Brownsville matter to say so and to stand to their opinion, but it is mere stubbornness to hold that because of this one act he is not a true friend of the race. He is too great a man to be a blind friend of any race or class or section; he is great enough to be the President of all the people. There is no man known to and in whose hands the future of the Negro would be safer, but if he is not the next President the Negro should at least seek to so conduct himself in politics as to stand fair with the man who becomes President.

Negro delegates from the South should be foremost to be vigilant in studying the best interests of the race and party, and to respond loyally to the soundest deliberations of the convention as a whole as its action is evolved.

YOUTH

THERE is nothing can equal the tender hours
 When life is first in bloom,
 When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
 Finds everywhere perfume;
 When the present is all and it questions not
 If those flowers shall pass away,
 But pleased with its own delightful lot,
 Dreams never of decay.

—Bohn

Music and the Stage

By LESTER A. WALTON

BEYOND any doubt the most talked of subject among the colored performers during the month of January was the illness of Ernest Hogan, who was compelled to retire from the role of "Rufus Rastus" in his latest success, the "Oyster Man," and seek medical attention and rest at the Massachusetts State Sanatorium in Rutland, Mass.

Mr. Hogan's illness affected nearly half a hundred performers, as Hurtig & Seamon, the "Unbleached American's" managers, decided to disband the "Oyster Man" Company for the season. The management at first had under consideration the practicability of booking the show until Spring and star John Rucker as Mr. Hogan's substitute. However, the various managers throughout the country refused to book the company on the same basis as was agreed when Hogan was in the cast, which resulted in Hurtig & Seamon laying off the people.

There are rumors galore as to the cause of Mr. Hogan's illness, but the truth is he is broken down in health and it is absolutely necessary that he secure rest for several months. His physicians have announced that they will keep him in the sanatorium until June, when they expect to see him come out a well man.

It is Mr. Hogan's intention to play in the leading vaudeville houses of New

York until it is time to rehearse his "Oyster Man" Company, which will be sent out next season under the same management.

Before closing the company played less than half of the circuit.

COLORED THEATRES ON THE BOOM

From present indications there will be a chain of colored theatres in the United States before a year's time that will make the white theatrical promoters sit up and take notice. Almost each week of late, information is given out that a colored theatre is to soon be opened either in the South or North.

At present the South is far in the lead with colored theatres. New Orleans, Memphis, Atlanta, Knoxville, Yazoo City, Baton Rouge and Plaquemine, La., boast of colored theatres that are owned and managed by colored people.

Robert Motts of Chicago has announced his intention of opening another theatre to be located in North Chicago, which will mean that there will be two colored theatres in the "Windy City."

Following the announcement from Chicago came the information from Columbus, O., that a colored theatre would be opened there the first of March. It would not be a surprise to hear next from such large cities as Washington, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and last but not least, New York. Each city has a large population and could well afford to support a colored theatre.



ERNEST HOGAN

A Negro Woman's Gruesome Art



META VAUX WARRICK

his landing at Jamestown in 1619. Others of her works have been exhibited in the Paris Salon.

Meta Warrick is a living proof of the high capabilities of the race. Like the Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, whose bust she has made, she excels in work that requires artistic *finesse* and emotional power. Like the Negro painter, H. O. Tanner, whose pictures have during the last half dozen years taken highest honors in Philadelphia, Chicago and other American cities where the very best American artists were pitted against him, she gets her effects in primitive and elementary fashion. Mr. Tanner pays little or no attention to the laws of perspective and chiaroscuro, as ordinarily recognized, and uses strange, weird colors applied, one might almost think, with a stick rather than a brush. Yet in this very garish appearance of his canvases critics have discovered wild fervor, great imagination and a wild, romantic spirit that reflects the life of the African jungle. The same spirit is discerned in Miss Warrick's work in clay. She has simply modeled what was within her—what has been carried down through the blood of generations from the African wilds—without the least apparent concern as to whether it conforms with the approved style or not. The result is work not pretty or superficial, but strongly individual, intensely vital. Miss Warrick has viewed life from the nether side. She has chosen



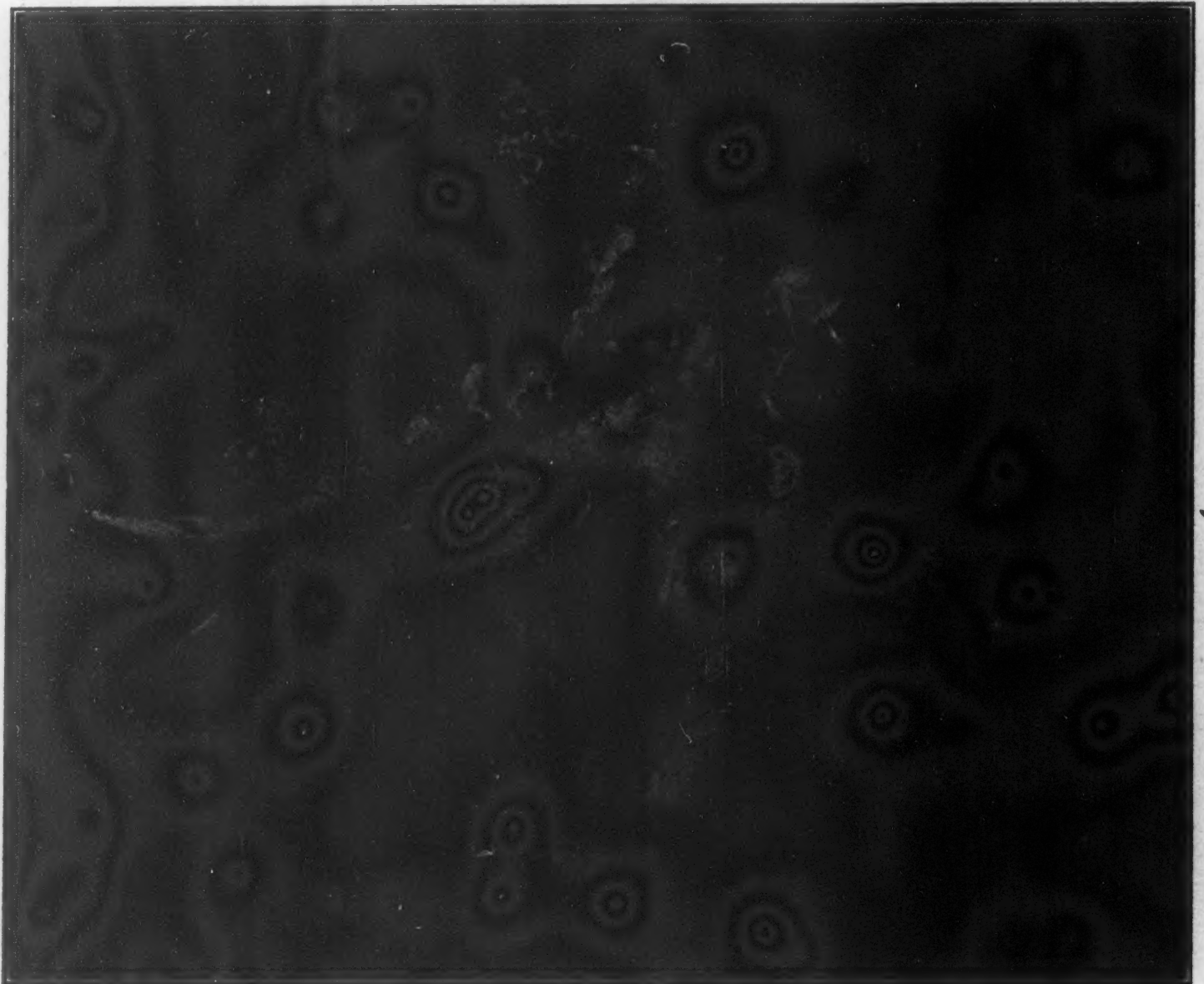
FROM Philadelphia come vivid accounts of a Negro girl who is already ranked by art critics among the leading women sculptors of the United States. Her name is Meta Warrick, and her work has won the commendations of the great French master, Auguste Rodin. One of her best sculptural groups was made for the Jamestown Tercentennial, and represents the advancement of the Negro since

to depict the horrible, the gruesome. She has felt the tragedy of life, rather than its joy. There is something haunting and appalling in her portrayals of "Silent Sorrow" and "The Wretched." The iron of life has pierced deep into her soul.

This sculptor, as we learn from an article by William Francis O'Donnell in *The World To-day*, is a descendant of slaves, and is proud of the fact. But she has also royal blood in her veins, and perhaps this strange combination may help to account for an art that almost

seems to unite a regal imagination with a slave's wretchedness. Says Mr. O'Donnell:

Researches which she has made have convinced her that her great-great-grandmother was an African princess. It is known that she was brought to Philadelphia in a slave ship, sold into the family of a wealthy resident of the city, and so captivated her captors by her beauty and a sort of refined savagery that she was given a white husband. And this, Miss Warrick declares, is the only infusion of Caucasian blood which she has been able to find trace of in either branch of her family. Her father was a barber, her mother a hairdresser. Her people have all been of the laboring class, poor.



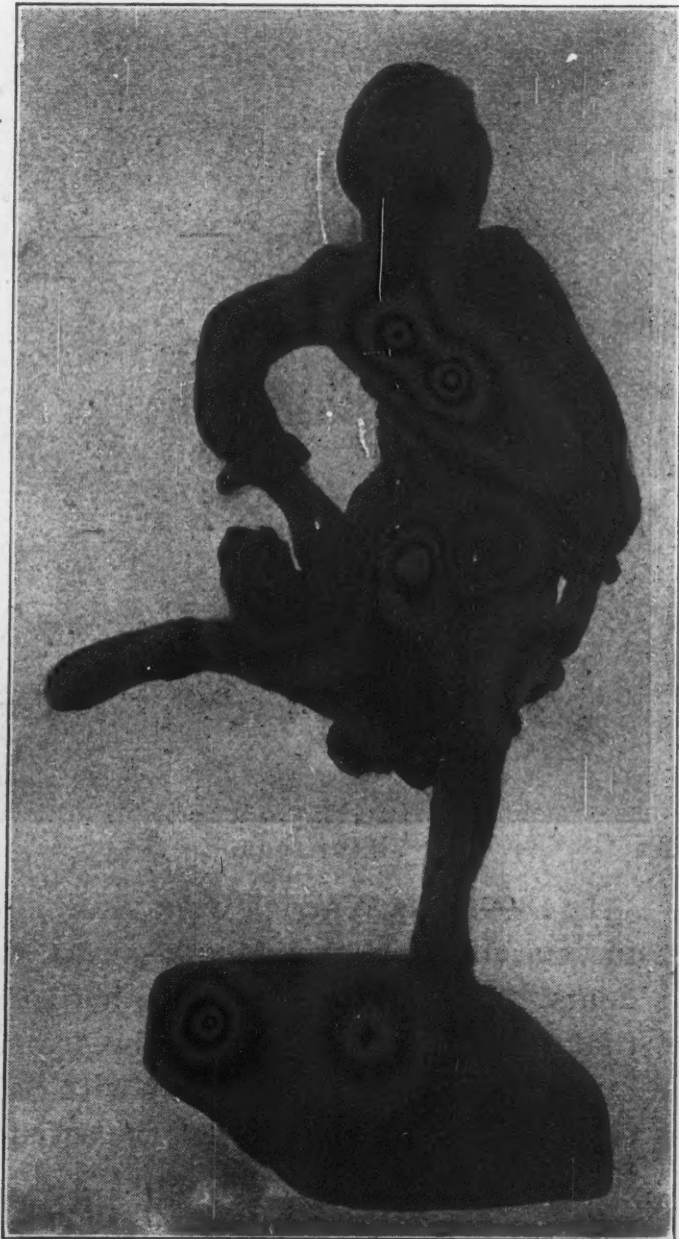
"THE WRETCHED"

As a small girl, Meta Warrick saw her sister modeling clay leaves and vegetables, as all kindergarten children do, and she would steal pieces of clay and fashion animals and people with it. When she was older she won a free scholarship in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. It was here that her talent developed and compelled serious recognition.

The first original piece in clay that she made was the head of Medusa. It marked her debut as a sculptor of horrors. All who viewed her conception—with its hanging jaw; beads of gore clinging to the face; eyes starting from



"THE PEASANT WOMAN"



"THE DANCING GIRL"

sockets; lines of agony; the whole enmeshed in the folds of fearful serpents—instinctively cried, "Horrible."

Criticism, says Mr. O'Donnell, affected her not at all; for when, shortly afterward, she was required to contribute something original for metal work, she made a crucifix upon which hung a human Christ torn by every human anguish. It was frowned upon, but she protested: "If the Saviour did not suffer as human beings suffer, then wherein lay the sacrifice?"



"SILENT SORROW"

In 1899 Miss Warrick went to seek her fortune in Paris, that Mecca of art students. She suffered there the hardships that so many have undergone before her, but she also came into contact with Saint Gaudens and Rodin and had the satisfaction of getting her work into the Paris Salon. Mr. O'Donnell tells very charmingly the story of her first visit to Rodin :

One bright summer afternoon six years ago, a little Negro girl who had spent two discouraging years as an art student in Paris, walked out toward one of the pretty residence suburbs, Meudon, carrying a bundle which contained photographs of some of her finished pieces of sculpture and one clay sketch of an old man eating his heart out. "Silent Sorrow," she called this rather lugubrious production.

She reached a fine villa with big shade trees all about it and the most fascinating brass knocker on the street door. She stood demurely contemplating this for a space, then pulled it, and asked of the kindly lady who opened the door, "Is M. Rodin at home?" It was the

residence of the great master whom the critics of Europe were then proclaiming as they are more persistently now, the Michelangelo of his age.

"Yes," she was told by Madame Rodin, "he is expecting you ; go right out to the garden." There she found the sculptor sitting on a bench under his favorite tree, smoking. Tremblingly the girl watched him as he passed photograph after photograph over in his hands—for she had come to hear judgment on her artistic hopes—and noted with sinking heart that his manner spelled disapproval. Without speaking, he handed the pictures back. She prepared to go. But she had forgotten to show him the clay sketch, and now held it forth, timorously, almost certain that it would prove the last straw on the master's patience. Mechanically he turned the bit of clay this way and that, to view it at different angles. Gradually his squinting eyes parted wider. He ran his fingers along the muscles of the old man's back. Something in it had claimed his attention. Then—was it a dream or reality?—he walked over to where she stood, laid a fatherly hand on her shoulder, and, with bearded face beaming, said :

"My child, you are a sculptor ; you have the sense of form !"

When Rodin permits one to visit him, that one must be of no common parts. When Rodin visits one, that one's career is assured. In due time Rodin visited the young girl and praised her statues. Her cup of happiness was full, and it must have been by some strange paradoxical law that she produced during this period one of her most gruesome works, "The Wretched." It shows forms of suffering most intense and hopeless : the suffering from loss of a dear one ; from old age ; from shame ; from poverty ; from hunger ; from incapability ; from melancholia ; from incurable sickness ; and the philosopher she portrayed as suffering through sympathy for all of these.



"OEDIPUS"

Then came "Silenus," a depiction of Bacchic saturnalia; "The Dancing Girl" and "The Wrestlers," more normal conceptions; and, finally, the horrible "Oedipus" and "Carrying the Dead Body." To quote again:

Roman and Grecian mythology gradually obtained a hold on the young sculptor, and when this influence was at zenith, she fashioned, in all the crude, unvarnished originality of the Theban legend, "Oedipus" in the act of tearing his eyes out after having been accused of murdering his father and wedding his own mother. It startled Paris, but finally won fulsome praise

for the originality of the idea and the correctness of the anatomy, and for very gratitude Miss Warrick was prompted to make a fat, laughing "Falstaff," which was well received.

But in the very next thing she did, the "Sculptor of Horrors" took a deeper plunge than ever into the depths of the lugubrious, this time with "Carrying the Dead Body," in which she depicted a man bearing away on his back a corpse which has lain on the battlefield, one would think, for days! Who but a brother could undertake such a task of burial?

"Why did you do it, with so many pleasant themes at your disposal? I asked.

"Because I wished to show the extent to which duty should spur one—how we should perform it, no matter how unpleasant, without a murmur."

"So, if this be morbid, there is a method in it."

Since her return to America, Miss Warrick has turned again to more normal themes. It would be difficult, at the present stage, to estimate her career properly or to prophesy her ultimate ranking among the artists of our time. Mr. O'Donnell goes so far as to compare her with Rodin, not, indeed, in creative inspiration, but in the modes of her expression. "In a radical departure from the prosaic, the conventional," he says, "rests her strongest earnest of success approaching Rodin,"

The Negro Bank, Its Effect in the Community

By H. H. KING



HERE is no subject of greater importance than that pertaining to banks. It is an acknowledged fact that banks and banking houses representing financial operations are the cornerstones of the community's commercial prosperity, and the Clearing House of the community's business transactions. Two things are essential to their success, viz: confidence and credit. That the Negro bank, well managed, is creating the first, which insures the latter, is an undeniable fact.

The effect of the Negro bank primarily is the encouragement of economy and frugality; and as a result of which many people who never had a dime on deposit, are cultivating growing accounts; and those who are in any way identified with the bank's progress, whether as stockholder, director or depositor, point with pride to the bank, as "our institution." The Negro child who was developing into a spendthrift, is now encouraged to save and looks forward to a brighter future.

Its second and most important effect in the community, is the contact which it brings the Negro in the commercial world with other races. Its wholesome influence can readily be seen in the treatment of the merchants and bankers towards employees and the courtesies extended towards its officers, which at first was austere and repulsive, but is now

amicable and social. Third, the business enterprises of the Negro can now enter more earnestly into lawful competition with other enterprises of a like nature, when they are able to secure letters of credit or endorsements of any bank that has a commercial rating, thus enabling them to purchase at first hands and meet the sharp competition that confronts them. Hence its limitations of helpfulness are only prescribed by its number of depositors. The capital stock of the bank is \$30,000.

The object of this institution does not stop here. It is also a benevolent society, which proposes to promote and carry forward the cause of temperance and benevolence in the most effectual manner, to provide for the widows and orphans in their afflictions, to bury the dead and elevate the living and inculcate in their hearts the principles of peace toward all men, regardless of color, creed, or nationality. This institution also provides for those who have been denied admission by other institutions on account of age. We admit all persons from 15 to 65 years of age, and sound in mind and body.

The joining fee is \$1.35 to charter members, including policy and conferring degrees. After the club has been set apart sixty days the price of joining will be \$2.50. The dues are only one cent per day; sick benefits, \$2 per week; death assessments, 50 cents; burial fee from \$100 to \$350.

The officers of the bank are : President, T. S. Crayton, A. Boone, Scott Raney, S. A. Howell; Vice-President, T. S. R. H. Spivey, W. E. Sumner, Rev. G. Crayton; Assistant Cashier, W. E. T. Jones, Benjamin Gordon, W. T. Sumner; Cashier, R.H. Spivey; Treasurer, Wesley Raney. The board of directors - S. A. Howell, Wesley Raney, Howell, A. B. Ellis, J. E. Hubbard. Miss Mattie A. Crews is the company's bookkeeper and notary.

THE NEGRO EDITOR

By RALPH W. TYLER

AS long as this race of ours shall live,
With strident voice he will be singing
Sweet songs of liberty, and bringing
To his people hope, that will give
New life to each and all who may thirst,
Or who would be men among the first.

Unappreciated, long have they fought,
And valiantly for a cause that's dear
To their long despised race, far and near,
And wonders have these heroes wrought
With mighty pens, now tipped with love;
Now invoking wrath of Him above.

Long after Right shall have obtained,
Aye, after his pens shall have gone to rust,
And mortal body mixed with the dust,
May our memories live unstained
The name of him who in peace or war
Stood steadfast—the Negro Editor.



Three New Folk-Lore Stories

(Current in Maryland During Colonial Times)

By DANIEL MURRAY



THE three folk tales retold herein, I learned in my boyhood days in Baltimore, Maryland. They were current in the state, probably, many years, particularly in the eastern part, during early colonial days. Probably only a few now living in that section could recall them. I have never seen them in print, though I have diligently examined all the folk-lore literature in the library of Congress. I have many times been urged to write them out that they might thus be preserved.

About 1859-60, there lived in "Old Town," Baltimore City, an aged colored woman, Priscilla Banks, who was then regarded as near the century mark. She was supported by a small pension, the reward for some service her husband had performed during the revolutionary struggle. Old Mrs. Banks, as we boys called her, had a grandson, Basil, a man in age, stunted in growth and with the mind of a child. He was our playmate as much as any nearer our age. Basil was wonderfully clever and possessed a very retentive memory, and could tell with amazing dramatic interest stories of the revolutionary period and the British invasion of Washington and Baltimore in 1814, when General Ross, the British commander, was killed by

two American riflemen, Wells and McComas; and had, also, an inexhaustible fund of folk stories, fairy tales, etc. As might be supposed, the mothers in the neighborhood were quite willing to see their boys sitting in a group listening to Basil relate those wonderful stories of animal lore, battle incidents, and the adventures of Sinbad and Robinson Crusoe, with which his mind was filled.

Years passed and I grew to manhood and had a family of children, and it is a source of no little pleasure to call them up to-day, more than forty years after learning them, and recall the delight of my own children, the eldest now in his manhood, at hearing them retold, and how their unwillingness to go to bed was overcome by the promise of a story, and even now my smaller ones are lured to rest by the assurance that I will tell them about Mr. Fox and Mr. Harry, or of Jack the Merchant's son, who was not in his stepmother's favor, but married the king's daughter as his reward for rescuing her out of the den of a monstrous beast, who lived in the mountain and held her captive.

It is well at all times that we keep in mind our childhood days. It adds, certainly much to the zest of life, and by physicians is held to add no little sum to the number of our days.

MR. FOX'S UNFORTUNATE PURCHASE

Mr. Fox Buys a Bull at Auction Which, Through Perversity, Gets Into Mr. Harry's Yard

MR. FOX, who had for a long time borne the unenviable reputation of surreptitiously acquiring the provisions necessary for the support of himself and family, decided to seek by honorable conduct to disabuse public opinion of the conviction, almost universally entertained, in regard to him. His life was unsafe under any condition he could conceive. If he approached a barn yard, even with the most pacific intentions, he was fired upon by the farmer, or attacked by his dogs, and even when reposing in the bosom of his family, his heart and mind free from guile, he was not safe, since through mere wanton sport it was fashionable in certain quarters for ladies and gentlemen to assemble, with no other purpose in view than to hunt him and thus render his life miserable. The cry was ever, "Let us hunt the fox." So he resolved to go publicly and buy his food, and in such large quantities as must silence thereafter all evil reports in regard to the manner of his living and how he obtained his supplies. So accordingly Mr. Fox went to the cattle auction and bought a bull. Bought it at public auction, so everyone could see it, and with conscious pride started to drive the animal home. Now, with that perversity so common to the bull species, his bull would not go in the direction he wished to drive it, but sought by every means to go back, when he wished it to go forward, and in addition would run first on one side of the road, seeking to turn back, and when met there would

seek an opening on the other side. Harrassed in this way by the stubborn bull, Mr. Fox made little headway towards home. Now, living on the road which he must pass was Mr. Harry, with whom he had long been at enmity, but as he resolved to change public opinion in regard to his character, he was obliged to be at peace with him. Slowly and patiently Mr. Fox drove the bull homeward, and was making some headway, when the following incident occurred. About this time Mr. Harry, himself a cattle dealer, came out of his house and looking up the road, saw Mr. Fox, struggling in his effort to get his bull home. So with a perversity that would have done credit to the bull, instead of closing the large gates to his yard, that the bull might not enter, he opened them full wide, and as might have been foreseen and as he evidently intended, when the bull got down to his gate, he ran into his yard. So Mr. Fox with Mr. Harry's help, if help it can be called, began the task of driving the bull out, but each time the bull came around opposite the gate, Mr. Harry managed to be in front of it and consequently the bull made another tour of the yard. This comedy by Mr. Harry continued for fully an hour, or until seeing that Mr. Fox was out of patience, Mr. Harry suggested that Mr. Fox get a rope, saying: "The rope is the thing, Mr. Fox, get a rope, get a rope," The idea not being a bad one, Mr. Fox left his bull in Mr. Harry's yard and started home to get a rope. No sooner had Mr. Fox started on his journey to get the rope, than Mr. Harry caught the bull, cut off his tail close to the root, and digging a hole in

the yard stuck it in leaving part of it above ground in accordance with his purpose, to fool Mr. Fox. The bull he locked up in his stable. These things done, he went to the gate and looked to see if Mr. Fox was in sight. He had not long to wait, for soon he spied him running at a brisk pace, carrying a stout rope in his hand. Thereupon Mr. Harry began to bawl out: "Run Mr. Fox, the bull is going down into the ground, run Mr. Fox, or you will lose him, run Mr. Fox, run!" Mr. Fox doubled his pace when he saw Mr. Harry wildly gesticulating towards him. At last he reached the yard and being under great excitement, he was shown the bull's tail sticking out of the ground, and quickly seized the end in sight, and it coming out, he fell sprawling on the ground, with the stump of the bull's tail dangling in his hand. Mr. Harry looked at him a moment and then with a voice full of sorrow, said in deep tones: "See, Mr. Fox, the bull has gone down into the ground."

Mr. Fox, sadly, but reluctantly, accepted this solution, but gave up as unprofitable his splendid resolve to re-instate himself in the good opinion of the public, believing that the fates were against him. He entertained, however, a strong suspicion that Mr. Harry had tricked him out of his bull, and conceived in his heart an overmastering desire for revenge. At last his suspicion became conviction, and in his rage, he declared "War to the hilt," on Mr. Harry.

MR. FOX AND MR. HARRY IN PARTNERSHIP

IT will surprise many to learn that the bitter enmity that now exists between

Mr. Fox and Brother Harry is one of later growth. In the remote past they were so far amicable in their intercourse, as to be classed as friends, in fact in one case they were in partnership.

It seems they held a bean patch together in which were growing as nice a lot of fat beans, of the butter variety, as one could find in the neighborhood for many miles around. Now, this bean patch was the special pride of Mr. Fox, who wished to see them grow and ripen, and it was his special delight when enjoying a moment's respite from cares inseparable from his strenuous life, to sit and contemplate the prospective feast that would be his and soon follow the full ripening of the beans.

But Mr. Harry, who had an equal interest in the bean patch and supposedly was animated by the same honorable thoughts in regard to it, was bent on securing for himself an undue amount of what was common property, and was given to the pernicious habit of rising before day and stealing from the patch every fat bean he could lay his hands on.

Day after day Mr. Fox missed any number of the fine fat beans the same he had admiringly observed in the patch the day before, but was loath to suspect Mr. Harry his partner of cheating or deception, being himself a person so honorable in every relation of life, he was slow to cast suspicion on others.

Day after day he was sensible of the depredations and saw that while he waited for all the beans to ripen before feasting, the patch was being rapidly depleted. So he concluded to confer with

Mr. Harry, his partner, and devise means to catch the thief, little suspecting his partner's guilt.

Mr. Harry, when spoken to about the losses, with great cunning acknowledged that he had witnessed each day the diminution of the patch and had taken upon himself the task of catching the thief; that he had settled in his own mind as to the guilty party and at the proper moment would no doubt be able to lay his hands upon him, but it was too soon to do it now. Mr. Fox was unwilling to wait any longer, but announced his intention to set a trap at once to catch the thief. Seeing Mr. Fox determined in the matter, Mr. Harry said, "Oh! don't set a trap Mr. Fox, set a snare, set a snare, the snare will catch 'em, Mr. Fox, the snare will catch 'em."

But Mr. Fox, little heeding what Mr. Harry said in the matter of catching the thief, but guided by the pain of his losses and the supposed effectiveness of his remedy, set a trap that night, baiting it with a luscious fat bean.

Early next morning Mr. Harry was, as usual, up and out in the bean patch where he saw a nice fat bean lying in the trap. Not aware of Mr. Fox's action the previous night he reached for it and was caught by his hand in the trap. He tried hard to extricate himself, but to no purpose and had commenced to concoct in his own mind an explanation to Mr. Fox as to how he came to be caught by the trap. Just then an old goose was heard approaching with her "Quack, quack, quack!" making an awful noise, a noise which might awaken Mr. Fox before Mr. Harry could extricate himself from the trap, so he drove the old

goose away with violent gestures, but she was little inclined to go until she had investigated Mr. Harry's condition with his hand held fast in the trap and his evident desire to get out.

"What are you doing, Mr. Harry," bawled out Miss Goose. "Go away I tell you," cried Mr. Harry, "go away, I am only taking a little exercise; a morning swing, so go away with your loud talking." She thereupon suggested that Mr. Harry allow her to enjoy the exercise also, and asked to be allowed to swing. Mr. Harry, very thankful for the aid, said, "help me out and you can get in." This the silly Miss Goose did and sought to place one of her feet in the trap. Mr. Harry fearing that Miss Goose might explain to Mr. Fox how she found him caught and assisted in releasing him, said, "Put your neck in." To this she demurred and wished to put her foot in, when Mr. Harry to end the dispute cried out, "Neck or nothing! neck or nothing!" Miss Goose put her neck in and he carefully let slip the trap and the silly old fool was caught by her neck. Mr. Harry soon after ran into the house and covered himself snugly in bed and pretended to be asleep. In a little while Mr. Fox awoke and sought to arouse Mr. Harry to accompany him to an inspection of the trap in the bean patch. Mr. Harry pretended to be sleepy and wanted the visit delayed saying, "You had better give 'em a chance to get into the trap, wait until something is in the trap," hoping the delay would enable the trap to choke Miss Goose to death. After a while Mr. Fox urged Mr. Harry again and after every excuse was exhausted Mr. Harry got a club and

both started. Miss Goose was not quite dead and sought to tell Mr. Fox of how she was tricked into the trap by Mr. Harry, but Mr. Harry cried out, "Don't let the thief say a word, Mr. Fox, don't let her say a word," and struck her a blow with his club. Poor Miss Goose again attempted to tell but got no further than "Oh! Mr. Fox," when Mr. Harry insisted that the thief be prohibited from talking, saying, "Don't let her say a word Mr. Fox," and continued to strike her with his club until life was extinct. Then taking up the dead goose he said, "We will have her served to-morrow, Mr. Fox, for dinner," And the two partners trudged along home delighted at the prospect of having a good, fat goose for their dinner.

MR. FOX AND MR. HARRY MEET AT THE FISHING SHORE

AS we said, once upon a time, when the enmity between Mr. Fox and Mr. Harry was at its height, because of the sorry tricks Mr. Harry had played on Mr. Fox, Mr. Harry on this account had difficulty in getting food, so persistent was Mr. Fox in his pursuit of him.

So Mr. Harry, prompted by hunger, arose early one bitter cold morning, and venturing out went down to the fishing shore where the men had been hauling the seine and had gathered quite a bunch of small fish picked up from among those the men had thrown aside, and was hurrying along hoping to reach shelter before Mr. Fox got on his track. Just as he reached the top of a hill, on the road to his house, he came face to face with Mr. Fox ascending from the other side and so near as to render escape impossible.

Before Mr. Fox could say a word, Mr. Harry began, "Oh! Mr. Fox, do you want a nice bunch of fish this morning, fresh and of good flavor? If so, come with me," at the same time holding up for inspection the little bunch of diminutive fish he had picked up on the fishing shore. Mr. Fox looked at him a moment, and seeing the fish and smelling them too, at once concluded to accept the offer to get a lot of fish and postpone his vengeance on Mr. Harry until another time, so accepting Mr. Harry's suggestion he desired to be shown the spot where Mr. Harry had had such a successful catch of fish. Though the weather was bitter cold, they both trudged along down to the fishing shore, Mr. Fox eyeing Mr. Harry rather suspiciously all the time and determined to seize him and wreak his vengeance of long standing, as soon as any suspicious circumstances on the part of Mr. Harry justified action.

At length they reached the fishing shore, when Mr. Harry with his heel quickly broke a hole in the ice and told Mr. Fox to run his tail down. This he trustingly did, but soon complained of the intense cold, saying, "It is biting cold, Mr. Harry," who assured him of the truth, also of his sympathy by urging "You are just getting a bite, Mr. Fox, just getting a bite, wait a minute sir, do not become impatient sir, you will soon have a bunch of fish." After a few minutes Mr. Fox again complained of the biting cold and said, "I cannot for the life of me see why people take such delight in fishing, Mr. Harry, if this is a sample of its joys." Mr. Harry, who was watching him and mentally

calculating the length of time, before the ice around Mr. Fox's tail would be firm enough to prevent his withdrawing it, continued to persuade him to hold on a little longer, holding up before his eyes his own bunch of fish and thus seeking to distract his mind from the suffering he was enduring while the water was freezing hard around his tail. At length Mr. Harry could no longer prevail upon Mr. Fox to remain passive through the hope of getting a bunch of fish. It was then

Mr. Fox discovered that he had again been tricked by Mr. Harry and was fast frozen by his tail, whereupon Mr. Harry, discovering his plight, seized a club and belabored Mr. Fox until he killed him. Satisfied on this head, and knowing that the road home was entirely clear, he picked up his small bunch of fish and smiling gleefully to himself over his narrow escape, wended his way home, wholly oblivious of fear.

Wealth of the Colored Race

THE Democratic lawyers who have been engaged in forming a disfranchising amendment to the State Convention have found themselves confronted by the fact that far more colored men than they have estimated will be permitted to vote if a property-owning qualification is inserted in the plan. The lawyers called upon the State Bureau of Statistics for facts and figures bearing upon their inquiry. They were surprised to learn that the colored race owns property in Maryland assessed at over \$3,500,000. The lawyers are now anxious to ascertain just how many colored men own property. This information is wanted to enable them to determine how many colored men can register under the property test clause. The figures are incomplete, especially for the counties. Hence the postponement of definite action.

Several lawyers who have attended the recent conferences have been so much impressed with the figures showing the wealth of the colored population and the general distribution of that wealth that there is a decided sentiment for the plan urged by Mr. W. L. Marbury that the amendment be made to fit those counties of the state in which there is a considerable colored population. Democratic leaders, as a rule, do not take kindly to this suggestion. They are anxious that the amendment apply to the whole state. It is understood that Mr. Bernard Carter inclines to this view.

PROPERTY OWNED IN BALTIMORE

Here are the figures which show the assessed value of property owned by the colored race in the several sections of the city, the divisions being according to police districts:

Eastern	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 5,862
Northeastern	-	-	-	-	-	131,966

Southern	-	-	-	-	-	71,269
Southwestern	-	-	-	-	-	21,823
Central	-	-	-	-	-	25,944
Western	-	-	-	-	-	46,653
Northwestern	-	-	-	-	-	300,186
Northern	-	-	-	-	-	13,958
Total	-	-	-	-	-	\$617,662

These figures for the city are not surprising as those from the counties of Maryland, as shown in the following table. In some of the counties, where a few years ago hardly a farm or house was owned by colored men, to-day they show the results of their thrift and saving:

OWNED IN THE COUNTIES.

The following table shows the assessed value of property owned by members of the colored race in several counties of the State:

Alleghany	-	-	-	-	\$ 49,243
Anne Arundel	-	-	-	-	59,727
Baltimore	-	-	-	-	161,051
Caroline	-	-	-	-	185,315
Carroll	-	-	-	-	57,880
Dorchester	-	-	-	-	100,000
Frederick	-	-	-	-	128,887
Garrett	-	-	-	-	12,880
Harford	-	-	-	-	101,753
Howard	-	-	-	-	82,850
Kent	-	-	-	-	233,945
Montgomery	-	-	-	-	214,255
Prince Georges	-	-	-	-	219,689
Somerset	-	-	-	-	203,421
St. Marys	-	-	-	-	189,711
Talbot	-	-	-	-	226,210
Washington	-	-	-	-	75,510
Wicomico	-	-	-	-	165,351
Total	-	-	-	-	\$2,407,678

Statistics for Calvert, Cecil, Charles, Queen Anne and Worcester are not obtainable. It is more than probable that figures for these counties would carry the total considerably above the \$3,000,000 mark, and when to this table is added the value of property owned in Baltimore by colored persons, it is apparent that the wealth of the race in Maryland is nearer \$4,000,000 than \$3,000,000.

INTERESTING DEDUCTIONS.

The largest amount of real estate owned by the colored race is in Kent County, while Talbot, Prince Georges, Montgomery, Somerset, St. Marys, Caroline, Baltimore, Frederick, Harford and Dorchester follow closely in the order named. Most of the colored persons owning property in the counties, however, are the older generation, as the younger ones are rapidly going to the cities. The five counties not enumerated are left out because the names are mixed up on the tax books with those of white property owners, and not designated, but it is fair to assume that these five counties show an equally large number of Negro property owners according to their population, and as several of them have old and large Negro populations, it can easily be reckoned that Negroes own and pay taxes on over \$3,500,000 worth of real estate in the counties of Maryland, to say nothing of taxes on personal property paid by them.



Negro Banks as Wealth Controlling Agencies

By W. R. PETTIFORD



UP to this stage of our progress we, as a race, have as our resources labor both common and skilled, the product from our business and professional people. During the last few years the income to the race has been largely increased through the business and professional people because of the multiplicity of both classes. This is likely to continue for years to come or so long as the country remains normal in all of its relations.

But in this article I wish to call attention briefly to the fact that although the income of wealth to the race through these resources is a considerable amount and growing more so, it is also a fact that this wealth is not controlled to the best advantage for the uplift of the race.

For instance, the money of our people is scattered through a fabric of industries in the same channels as is the money of other peoples from which the colored people are excluded. It would be wrong for the Negro people to raise any question on this point. If there were not discriminations made against the assimilation of skilled Negroes in the industrial fabric where we are contributing hundreds of thousands of dollars in dry-goods and other lines of industry, then this question would be permissible. So long as the Negro skilled laborers cannot be assimilated in the industrial fabric on

the basis of merit, then, in self defense, the Negro must make channels of assimilation for himself. And since discrimination is exacted, we do not object. Then our duty is clear, which means the establishment of a system of industries under the control and management of Negroes, so that the places of influence, honor and profit may be directed for the benefit of our people.

If this is done, one of the first things necessary is to have banks under our control in all cities large enough to maintain them. The banks in such places among our people will very naturally become agencies of concentration. The money coming from the laboring classes and from the business institutions will be concentrated so that the money retained in these banks will serve as feeders to all Negro business and support the class of our people who are building homes.

Therefore, it is very important at this stage of our growth that the leaders, men and women of influence among us, should put away every phase of difference, rise above their prejudices and unite their money for the purpose of offering such recommendations to Negro business and home building as is needed in our effort in these directions.

The savings bank brings together money or savings of all classes of Negroes, especially so when the proper

efforts have been made to bring their money together so that the wage earner of small means can contribute something to the establishment of business which offers opportunities and profits to our people.

Money is power, and labor is capital, and the closer we can associate these the sooner it will be seen that the rate of our progress, as a race, will be greatly increased. If the Negro banker can properly set forth a bank, complete in all its arrangements, its officers bonded, its money protected by insurance and having all other elements of protection which bankers usually carry, there is no reason why great efforts should not be made to have close relations with all the organized business institutions controlled by our people; and no element among us should be more interested in cultivating a growth of Negro business and helping to make its success than the Negro bank. If the shoe store succeeds in selling the shoes worn by Negroes, it is most likely that the money will be handled by the Negro bank. Let the banker calculate the amount of money expended for shoes worn by Negroes and then let him imagine this amount secured by the colored shoe stores and you will readily see that, because of its intimate relation with Negro business, this amount of money must be handled by the Negro bank. And, of course, the banker is as much interested as is the shoe dealer in the growth of Negro patronage of Negro business in this and all other lines.

Therefore, under the auspices of a local Negro Business League every business in the district should be brought in the very closest relations so that all classes of business might co-operate in controlling the wealth which passes through Negro hands and thus derive the greatest benefit therefrom.

DAMAGING PREJUDICE

To attempt the construction of a business fabric that will contribute to the wealth of the Negro race, brings us, in the very first attempt, in contact with the most damaging prejudice that can be imagined. That prejudice is among us as Negroes. So long as we are governed by prejudice and, therefore, refuse to purchase commodities among our own people, when we are excluded from the profits and from the privileges of handling the business in the usual business channels in other places, we are up against the most damaging prejudice.

The white man's prejudice against the Negro chiefly defeats him in deriving an income from skilled laboring places in the industrial fabric and along professional lines of endeavor and from the official capacity. But we can well afford to suffer the result of this prejudice, if we can overcome the prejudice and envious feelings among Negroes.

If we can derive the profits accruing from the food stuff, rents and clothing purchased by Negroes, we will be in a very nice attitude to accommodate ourselves notwithstanding the prejudice of the white man.





ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON INSTITUTE GROUNDS

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

By J. E. DAVIS



THE Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for Negroes and Indians was opened at the close of the Civil War for the purpose of providing a practical education for the children of the freedmen, being one of the many schools established by the American Missionary Association. This society, in 1867, authorized the purchase of "Little Scotland," a plantation of one hundred and twenty-five acres of land on the Hampton River, and

placed in charge of the work of founding on this spot a school for Negro youth, a young cavalry officer of the Union Army, General S. C. Armstrong, who was at the time acting under General O. O. Howard as an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Born of missionary parents in the Sandwich Islands, where he had had opportunity for studying the methods employed in trying to civilize an easy-going, undeveloped race, and convinced by his later service with Negro troops in the



VIRGINIA AND CLEVELAND HALLS—GIRLS' DORMITORIES.

Union Army of the good qualities and the capabilities of the freedmen, General Armstrong was peculiarly fitted to engage in this undertaking; and he started the Hampton school with the firm conviction that mere book-learning would never educate the children of the freedmen. "What the Negro needs at once," he said in one of his early reports, "is elementary and industrial education and moral development. The race will succeed or fail as it shall devote itself with energy to agricultural and the mechanic arts, or avoid these pursuits. An imitation of Northern models will not do. Right methods of work at the South must be created, not copied."

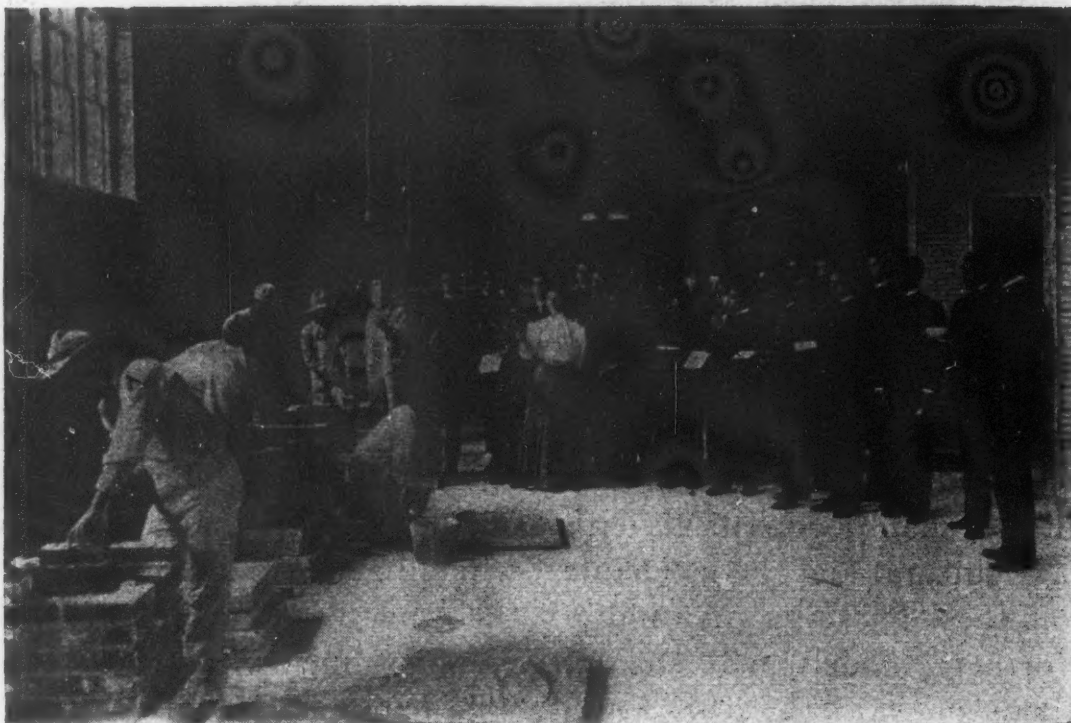
This idea of industrial education was not popular at the time when General Armstrong unfolded his plans. It was bitterly opposed by the black men whom

it sought to benefit, and also by the Northern philanthropist anxious to provide educational opportunities for blacks equal to those given to the whites. The better element of the South, however, with a truer perception of the condition and needs of the newly freed laboring class, favored almost from the first, schools founded on the Hampton plan. The far-seeing wisdom of the founder has been amply vindicated by the growth of the industrial idea in education of which he was the pioneer, as well as in the growing appreciation of Hampton's work by men of all classes and races. "Learning by Doing" has now become the fashion.

Hampton Institute was opened in April, 1868, in the old barracks of one of the military hospitals of the Civil War. The enrollment has increased in forty



WHITTIER TRAINING SCHOOL



CORRELATING ARITHMETIC AND BRICKLAYING

years from 15 to 1,361 students, and the corps of officers and teachers from 2 to 160. The students represent thirty-five States and Territories, and Africa, New Mexico, Canada, the Philippines, and the British West Indies. Of the nearly 1,400 pupils about 800 are boarding students (80 being Indians), and the remainder are children of the neighborhood enrolled in the Whittier Training School. Of the boarders, about five-sevenths are young men, the rest, young women.

Instead of the old army barracks there are now over sixty buildings, including the church, library, museum, dormitories, recitation halls, trade school, domestic science and agriculture building, hospital, gymnasium, printing office, green-houses, barn, workshops, laundry, offices, and dwellings of the officers and teachers. The various shops and two large farms, with their green-houses,

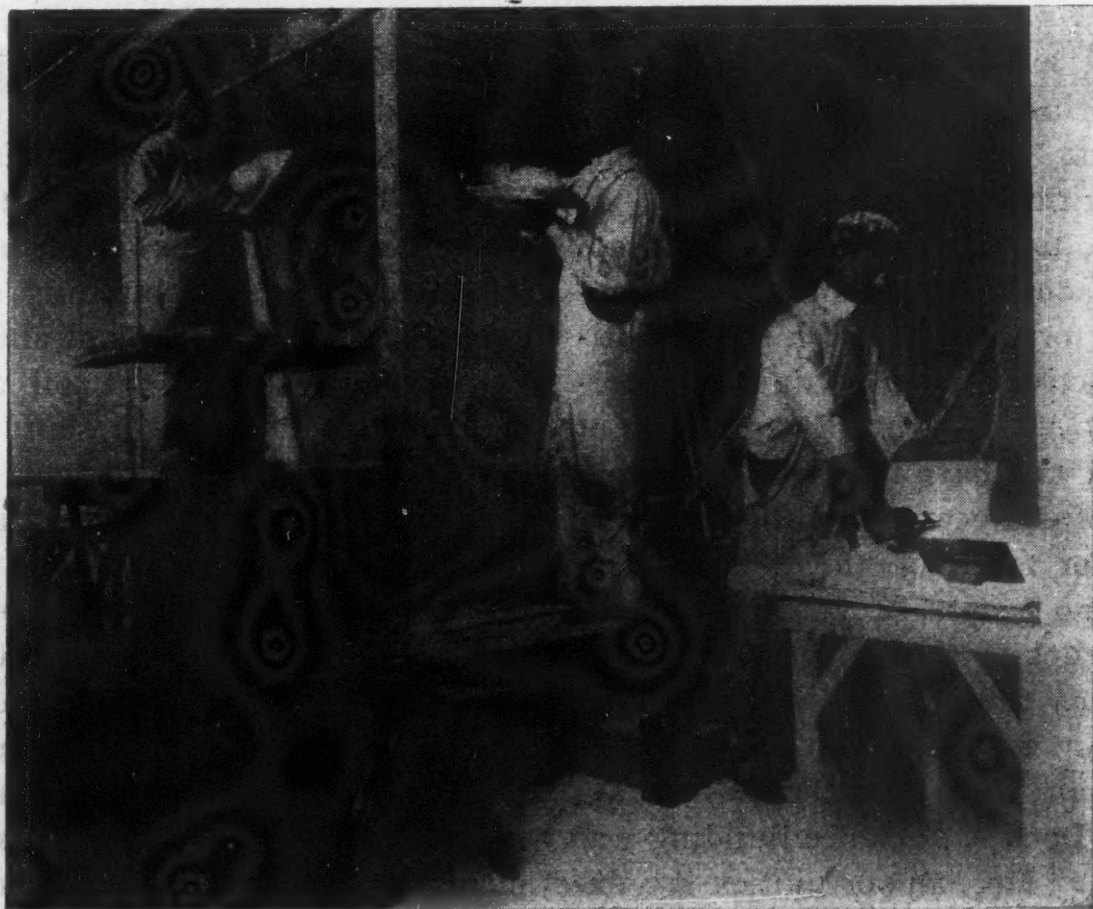
barns, and experiment stations, provide employment for young men and give opportunity for practical instruction in agriculture and in the productive industries. In the laundries, dining rooms, kitchens, and sewing rooms young women find employment and receive instruction in the domestic arts. All the students are thus enabled to earn part of the cost of their board and clothing. The average age is nineteen years.

Hampton Institute is not, as is often believed, a government or a State school. It was chartered in 1870 by special act of the General Assembly of Virginia, thus becoming independent of any association or sect. It is controlled by a board of seventeen trustees, representing different sections of the country and seven religious denominations, no one of which has a majority. The more important matters of finance are referred to the Executive Committee of the Board,

and all endowment funds are cared for by the Investment Committee of New York City. A Board of Curators is appointed by the Governor of Virginia to report to the State on the use of \$10,000 interest on one-third of the Land Scrip Fund of Virginia, appropriated to the school toward the agricultural and military training of the students. The endowment fund of the institution is but about one-third as large as is needed. The aid which it receives from the general Government for the living expenses of the Indians and through the State of Virginia for its agricultural work and the income from the endowment, are quite insufficient for its support; the school is obliged to appeal to the public for large sums yearly for current ex-

penses. Part of these expenses is met by academic scholarships of \$70 and industrial scholarships of \$30, which the school attempts to procure for each student. These assist in paying the salaries of the teachers but do not provide the board and clothing of the students.

In May, 1893, after twenty-five years of unceasing work in the service of the school, its founder died, leaving as his successor in office, the vice-principal, Dr. H. B. Frissell, who, while continuing to carry out General Armstrong's idea of education, has greatly enlarged and extended the work and influence of the school. In November, 1896, the Armstrong-Slater Memorial Trade School was opened. The trades taught are follows: Carpentry, painting, wheel-



CLASS IN PLASTERING



THE FARMHOUSE AT THE SHELLBANKS' FARM SCHOOL.

wrighting, machine work, blacksmithing, tailoring, bricklaying, plastering, shoemaking, steam engineering, printing, tinsmithing, and upholstering. In addition to technical instruction in these various trades, the student has large opportunity for practical work in the various productive industries on the school-grounds. About eighty-five per cent. of the pupils who have taken trades during the past fifteen years are either working at them or teaching them. Many of these young people, of both races, have opened shops of their own where they are earning their living and providing employment for others.

Less than two years later, in May, 1898, the Domestic Science Building was opened. Here opportunities are extended to young women corresponding to those given to young men in the

trade school. Instruction is given in sewing, dressmaking, cooking and chemistry of foods, laundry work, and house work. The agricultural department, in which centers all the work of the school, is housed in the same building, and girls as well as boys study plant and animal life, the cultivation of the soil, dairying, and poultry raising; in short all that pertains to the care of a home.

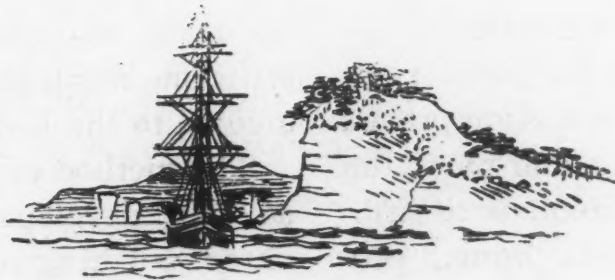
In the fall of 1898, a separate Normal Department was established, and two years of graduate study are now required before a teacher's certificate can be obtained. Graduate courses are offered also in business methods, agriculture, matron's work, library methods, and domestic science. The aim of these departments is to prepare and send out thoroughly equipped teachers of the common school branches, and of domestic science

as well as trained agriculturists and business men. Since 1868, 8,181 students have received instruction, and are classified as regards occupations as follows: Two thousand three hundred and sixty-two graduates and ex-students are in educational work. Of these Booker T. Washington, LL. D., and 35 others are educational leaders; 2,092 are tradesmen and farmers; 1,618 are home keepers; 905 are laborers and servants; 498 are in business and clerical work; 431 are in professional life; 275 are pursuing studies in other institutions.

Since 1868, graduates and ex-students have taught more than 250,000 children in eighteen States. At least 60,000 people are to-day under the influence of Hampton graduates and ex-students. As outgrowths of this institution are thirty industrial schools, land companies, and social settlements, influencing at least 16,000 people. Schools at Tuskegee, at Calhoun, and Mt. Meigs in Alabama,

Kittrell in North Carolina, Lawrenceville and Cappahoosic in Virginia, have been established on the Hampton plan and carried on largely by graduates. Thousands of homes presided over by former students are centers of influence for their communities and are object lessons in neatness, economy, and beauty of surroundings. In the summer there is held at the institute a Negro Conference, composed of leaders of the race, who meet to discuss social matters.

Hampton Institute preaches the gospel of education through self-help and lays stress on the importance of hand work in the development of intellectual and moral worth. She endeavors to train her students to useful, honorable, Christian citizenship and to that end encourages them to buy land, build homes, support themselves by honest toil, and to live at peace with their neighbors of whatever race. It might be called a school of civilization.



EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPHINE S. YATES, A.M.

Professor of English and History, Lincoln Institute. Honorary President
National Association of Colored Women

JOHN AMOS COMENIUS

By WILLIAM H. DAWLEY



DURING from the Revival of Letters, education may be said to have taken four paths: Through Luther toward a common school that should fit one for a knowledge and an interpretation of the Bible; through Melancthon, Sturm, Ascham to a classicism which found in the Greek and Latin authors all knowledge other than inspired; through the Jesuits to an ordered discipline of the intellect; through Bacon towards a study of nature as the source of knowledge and the manifestation of the Divine. The tendency of each path was good. In their beginning the systems following them were, as far as they went, excellent. We cannot overestimate the effect of Luther's clamor for popular education, narrow as that education proved itself to be. In rescuing and purifying the classic texts, the Humanists contributed in no small degree to human progress notwithstanding the fact that the application of their ideas may have retarded immediate growth.

In their perfect organization and in their gentle methods, the Jesuits set an

example of the highest value, notwithstanding the fatal defects of their system.

As for Bacon, his spirit was one of the main sources of modern education, but without dilution and adaptation to the needs of society, his teachings would have been almost barren of pedagogical results. As time went on, however, the direct influence of the leaders of these movements, of Luther, of Sturm, of Loyola, of Bacon, waned and the inevitable perversion of their systems supervened: Luther's plans, committed to his wrangling successors, partook of their controversies; and the village school became the battling ground of dogma. The system of Sturm that in his hands tended to unlock the moral as well as the rhetorical treasures of the ancients, fell, after his death, into the dry routine of textual criticism, a routine that was, and still is, a curse to the English schools.

The method of the Jesuits, externally so fair, developed into a soulless machine, crushing youth into a mould of intolerance, unmanliness, and deceit. Bacon's philosophy alone seems to have contained the elements of growth, and in treating of Comenius, I hope to show how these elements were fostered and

developed. I want to show you how from a union of Bacon's philosophy and Luther's democracy resulted the public school. The problem that Luther was too busy and Bacon too lofty to undertake was solved by the son of a Moravian Miller, a wanderer on the face the earth, the most influential teacher of the seventeenth century, one of the sublimest figures in the history of education, a near fac-simile of the Great Teacher, his Latin name is Comenius.

Throughout his stormy career two influences dominate him—that of Bacon's philosophy and that of the spirit of the Reformation. To the first is due his comprehensive scheme, to the second his labors in behalf of common schools. To Bacon and Luther he owes his main ideas, but to two other men he acknowledges himself in lesser degree a debtor. These are Vives and Ratick. The first, a Spaniard, tutor to the Princess Mary, until because of his opposition to Henry VIII's divorce from her mother, he was driven from the English Court, waged vigorous war against Aristotelian supremacy. The second, a pedagogic adventurer of no mean influence went about from court to court offering to disclose for a substantial reward a new and short method of learning languages. The pedantic court of Weimar engaged him, and he made much stir, but his influence was not permanent.

From the teachings of others Comenius sought the aid that it was his nature to crave. Like Bacon, he lighted his torch at every man's candle, but unlike Bacon he had no wish to extinguish the spark that enkindled his. Never was there a great man more modest than he.

Duty, the flame of zeal, not love of authority, impelled him to publicity. Could he have found in his reading—and he searched with extraordinary pains—a method which even partially fulfilled his ideal, he would have accepted it without hesitation and effaced himself in the preaching of it. Not only did he study all the authors available to him, but he also wrote to all parts of Europe inquiring, yea, begging for suggestions. Only as a last resort did he formulate a system, and in it he has no willful pride or over-confidence. The vacillation and fluctuation of his writings show that he was ever receptive; always ready to throw aside his own ideas to accept another's; simple, single of purpose, patient, untiring, steadfast under almost uninterrupted adversity, the venerable bishop is a pathetic figure made heroic by life-long sorrow.

For the foregoing, the writer is indebted to Professor John F. Browne, of Lincoln High School. A few dates and biographical facts will be added with the hope of encouraging some teachers struggling far away from libraries and favored educational centres of whom Gray in his elegy says:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll.

John Amos Comenius was born in Conma, Moravia, in 1592. His father was a miller. Hear his own words:

"Losing both my parents while I was yet a child, I began through the neglect of my guardians, but at the age of sixteen years, to taste of the Latin tongue. Yet by the goodness of God that taste bred such a thirst in me, that I ceased not from that time, by all means and en-

deavors, to labor for the repairing of my lost years; and now not only for myself, but for the good of others also. For I could not but pity others also in this respect, especially in my own nation which is too slothful and careless in the matter of learning. Thereupon, I was continually full of thoughts for the finding out of some means whereby more might be inflamed with the love of learning, and whereby learning itself might be made more compendious, both in the matter of the charge and cost, and of the labor belonging thereto, that so the youth might be brought by a more easy method, unto some notable proficiency in learning."

After studying at Strassnick, Herborn, Amsterdam, and Heidelberg, he returned to Moravia and at the age of twenty-two was appointed teacher in the Brethren's School at Prerau. Two years later, he hearkened to the call to the Moravian ministry, was ordained and settled as pastor of Fulneck. In 1621, this city was plundered by the Spanish. Comenius's library was destroyed. The next year he was bereft of his wife and his only child. The Bohemian Mountains afforded him refuge for a time, but in 1627, all persons not of the Catholic faith were exiled from Bohemia. Thirty thousand families crossed the border in the midst of a most severe winter.

Our exile made Lissa, Poland, his home. Despite these well nigh overwhelming calamities, he was of untold help and comfort to his outcast and distressed countrymen. For their spiritual welfare and consolation he wrote unceasingly. He regarded education only as a means to that end. Here he taught

in the gymnasium and was for many years its rector. During the year that the Peace of Westphalia was signed, concluding a war unspeakably distressing to his beloved Bohemia, Comenius was made bishop of the Moravian Brethren and carried the title with him into his grave. He was their last bishop. This was a society of true Christians, not only distant followers but literal imitators of the Master. An idea of their tenets may be gleaned from observing their burial grounds in America. The tombstones are all alike save in size, and lie flat on the graves. Side by side, red man and white man, one united family, separated only in sex and maturity but not in wealth, social position, or color, they lie, awaiting the final awakening.

Comenius, in order to reform and superintend education, visited England (1641-2) Sweden, Hungary (1650-4). He declined the invitation to France and in 1654 the presidency of Harvard College in America.

He was in England on the eve of the war between Charles I, and Parliament. In fact that event cut short the consideration of extensive plans for education in that kingdom.

At Elbing, Prussia, in the service of the great Swedish chancellor, Oxenstiern and Lewis de Geer, the eminent Dutch philanthropist, Comenius was eight years preparing works for teaching children languages according to reformed methods.

In Transylvania at Saros-Patak he established a model school and nursed it for four years.

In 1654 the Swedes invaded Poland. Comenius wrote a letter congratulating

the Protestant invaders. According to the treaty, Lissa was surrendered to the victorious Swedes. When they withdrew their troops, the Poles uprose and Lissa, the devoted centre of exiled Moravian Brotherhood suffered swift and terrible vengeance. Comenius with his family, for he had married again, escaped. His home, his library, his manuscripts, the works of more than fifty years,—for he had written more than a hundred books—all his possessions save what he and his family wore were reduced to ashes.

Once more he was an exile, but Laurence de Geer, son of his former patron, invited him to Amsterdam. There in comfort, ease, and dignity, he wrote books, taught the children of the wealthy, and completed his fourscore years in 1671. In his last work we catch a glimpse of his inmost soul from these words: "To Christ, my eternal love, I give unending thanks, because He has placed such love for His lambs in my heart and so blessed me that I could accomplish for them what I have. I hope, and confidently expect from my God that my reforms will be realized, when the winter of the Church is past, the rains have ceased, and the flowers blossom forth in the land.

Note now the testimony of the foremost American, English, French and German modern pedagogic critics:

Kemp:—"The sixteenth century contributed much to the uplift of humanity, and it almost seemed as if the spirit of all that was most exalted in it had entered the soul of Comenius at his birth, to be carried by him into the next. Yet the story of his life is a sad one, and its

pathos is all the greater because the deepest of his sorrows were the sorrows of his whole people."

Compayre: "The character of Comenius equals his intelligence. Through a thousand obstacles he devoted his long life to the work of popular instruction. With a generous ardor he consecrated himself to infancy. Moreover, he was the first to form a definite conception of what the elementary studies should be."

Raumer:—"Comenius is a grand and venerable figure of sorrow. Though wandering, persecuted, and homeless, during the terrible and desolating, Thirty Years' War, he never despaired, but with enduring courage and strong faith, labored unweariedly to prepare by a better education for a happier future. Suspended from the ministry, as he himself tells us, and an exile, he became an apostle to the Christians; and he labored for them with a zeal and love worthy of the chief of apostles."

Davidson:—"With true pedagogic instinct, Comenius recognized that children's faculties should be drawn out in their natural order—perception, memory, imagination, reason—and through things and facts, rather than through books. The function of the latter being to supplement the experience of the individual by that of the race. He saw that books can be interpreted only in terms of experience and that where there is little individual experience, the race experience recorded in books can be but poorly interpreted."

Seeley:—"By far the greatest educator of the seventeenth century, and one of the greatest in educational history, was Johann Amos Comenius, the author of

the first illustrated text book, the *Orbus Pictus*. Bacon gave the inspiration and Comenius worked the truth into practical form; Bacon invented a new theory of scientific investigation, Comenius employed that theory in education. This does not detract from the merit of Comenius any more than his work detracts from the merit of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, or Horace Mann, all of whom gathered inspiration from him."

Quick:—"Comenius was at once a philosopher and a school-master. He earned his livelihood by teaching the rudiments. Before Comenius no one had brought the mind of a philosopher to bear practically on the subject of education. Montaigne, Bacon and Milton had advanced principles, leaving others to see their application. A few able school-masters, as Ascham and Ratich had investigated new methods, but had made success in teaching the text to which they appealed rather than any abstract principle."

Monroe, while not a whit behind other educational historians in panegyrics to Comenius, declares: "His greatness consists more in his early formulation of those principles in concrete terms than in his direct influence in the introduction of such principles into subsequent educational practice. After his own generation, it was not until near the middle of the nineteenth century that these remarkable educational writings were again called to the public attention by the early German historians of education, and consequently, that due recognition was given to the place of Comenius in educational reform."

Williams:—"The services of Come-

nius to pedagogy were of a threefold character, in each of which his merit was very great. First, he was the true originator of the principles and methods of the innovators; second, he was a great educational systematist; third, he was the author of improved text books, which were long and widely famous."

So much for criticism; let's now glance at Comenius's own idea of (1) the pupil and the school, (2) his method of training the pupil and (3) his most important text books, since in the introduction he has been considered as the originator of the principles and methods of the innovators.

"We live," says Comenius, "a threefold life—a vegetative, an animal, and an intellectual or spiritual. Of these the first is perfect in the womb, the last in Heaven. He is happy who comes with healthy body into the world, much more he who goes with healthy spirit out of it. According to the heavenly idea, man should (1) know all things; (2) be master of all things; (3) refer all things to God. Hence within us Nature has implanted the seeds of (1) learning, (1) virtue, and (3) piety. To bring these to maturity is the object of education. All men require education, and God has made children unfit for other employments that they may have leisure to learn. I desire a general culture for all who are born human beings unto everything that is human. They must, therefore, be educated together, as far as this is possible, in order that they may mutually inspire, animate and stimulate one another. I intend that they be educated to all virtues, especially to moderation, harmony, and willing-

ness to perform mutual service. They must, therefore, not be separated too early, and the opportunity must not be given to a certain number to regard themselves with complacency and others with contempt.

"I call that a school perfectly fulfilling its mission, which is a place for building up genuine manhood, where the spirit of the learner is baptized into the glory of knowledge and wisdom; quick to understand all things secret and revealed, where the emotions of the soul are brought into full harmony with all the virtues, the heart so won by the love of God and filled with it that it is possible for all who are entrusted to the school to be led into true wisdom, to become accustomed even here on earth to lead a heaven-like life."

These declarations gave a new meaning to school and its function. To educate boys and girls alike was considered absurd and even to-day, nearly three centuries later, there are those who seriously question the wisdom of such procedure.

Turning now to his system, we find that Comenius made twenty-four years the period for gaining an education. This period he allotted to four distinct, separate, yet harmonious schools (of six grades) covering a period of six years.

First, the home or mother school, where from birth for six years were taught the elements of things, morals, and religion.

Second, the common vernacular, or national school, so named because the native or mother tongue was taught here. These schools must be in every village, town and city. The studies were reading

and writing, arithmetic, drawing, handicrafts, catechism, singing, civil government, history, and geography.

Third, the Latin school or gymnasium located in every province or town of any size, taught grammar, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, physics, geography, music, rhetoric, logic and ethics.

Fourth, the university taught, besides the native literature, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the sciences, and "the eye of life," history; it also embraced original research and travel. Each kingdom should have its university.

This scheme, with modifications, is employed in the United States largely to-day. The elements of knowledge, the play of perception and imagination is learned in the home; but even the families of the wealthy owing to the real or imaginary distractions, afford for the mother no opportunity for systematic training of the infants. Recently the kindergarten has undertaken a part of this work, from the third to the sixth year and that with the day nursery has enabled the mother of humble means to have freer scope for contributing to the support of the family.

These works on which the pedagogic fame of Comenius mainly rests are the *Didactica Magna*, *Janua Aurea Linguarum Reserata*, and *Orbis Pictus*. Comenius was endowed with a mystic idea that all knowledge was easily in the grasp of individuals. Hence the above and other works were simply incidents to his master work, the *Pansophia* or all knowledge, which, the unwearied labor of more than forty painstaking years, was destroyed at Lissa, in 1654 by the enraged Poles.

Concerning the *Didactica Magna*, we have caught a glimpse in the foregoing; it remains but to emphasize his idea that children should be taught by persuasion not force; that things themselves should be seen and as far as possible handled by the children rather than that facts concerning things should be gained from books; that they should learn by doing; that step by step, the child should be led from the known to the unknown; that children be encouraged by praise, reward and promotion; that severity be eliminated from instruction. This sounds like our own rather than the seventeenth century.

The *Janua*, or Gate of Tongues swung open at once, lifted its author into the arena of fame. It was made up of a thousand sentences in Latin parallel with corresponding ones in the mother tongue. No noun or verb was repeated. The eight thousand words were learned by several repetitions of the thousand sentences. The idea of this book he generously ascribes to Batty, an Irish Jesuit priest.

The *Orbis Pictus* or World Illustrated was the *Janua* improved and pictured. It has been said that the *Didactica* revolutionized educational theory, the *Orbis Pictus* revolutionized educational practice. This was by far his most useful book; a universal favorite of children for many decades. Its one hundred and fifty-one plates are inferior to the ordinary wood cuts of our day. Beneath each picture was its name and number. Among those cuts that appear curious as well as interesting to us to-day are No. 6, The Wind; No. 43, The Soul; No. 149, God's Providence, and No. 150, The Last Judgment.

MORAL IMPRESSIONS

THE highest power to receive impressions in any art or calling, comes from a clear seeing, the open vision of a pure heart and life. The nerves are the tracks of habit, which through the senses, convey fixed impressions upon the brain.

One's real strength depends upon the habits formed in early life; and if in the earliest stage of human development, are implanted habits for good, there will need be no cause for fear of the future destiny of the age.

The highest ideal of life and character, is the doing of one's duty; though commonplace as it may seem, yet the abiding sense of duty upholds man in his highest attitudes, as it also equally sustains him in the transaction of the ordinary affairs of every day existence.

It is the good we do in life that impresses those who come after us. So it is that the enduring qualities of honesty, industry, truthfulness, temperance, decision, sincerity, and purity are the seven graces which support a Moral Edifice. While there are other arts that contribute to make life pleasant and beautiful, these should rank the highest.

The Poet and the Philosopher, the Painter and the Sculptor, the Architect and the Builder, the Philanthropist and the Religionist—all who think and feel and live that which pleases and makes happy, which inspires and makes better, which exalts and makes purer, the hopes and aspirations of mankind, and which harmonize us with conscience, set to music all the strings of the soul [for good.

One's secret of power is mystery, as

in God so in man. There must be a reserve force, in the character and ability of every man, which impresses the world with as much or greater effect than the forces exerted in what we say or do; and this reserve force is the mystery behind the throne of every man's power over others. From the Bibliological standpoint we are impressed with Samson as a man who was strong physically, but weak morally. The mystery that lay concealed as to wherein he possessed his strength gave him untold power over the Philistines, but when allured by a betrayer, his moral foundation lacked solidity, and he was captured by his enemies.

He who seems to exhaust himself in any effort of mind or body, however strong or great, leaves an impression of weakness, and of being without any reservation of energy behind his attributes. And when you rob a man of the mystery of something left within, you rob him of that projectile force of character and ability, which gives him the greatest power over men.

The world is never impressed with, nor admires the man it knows all about, or who, when he seems to have done his best, could not have done a great deal more.

It is true then, that the deepest force is the stillest, that as in the fable, "the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed." Above all, says one, "It is ever to be kept in mind that not by material, but by moral power are men and their actions to be governed.

The key to the ruling code of public

morals, lies in individual conscience. But the mistake which many make in seeking to estimate the moral conditions of a community or a nation, is that they study the vicious side of the picture almost exclusively. The virtue which ranked highest in the moral code of many ages, is fast disappearing from the modern standard.

In the history of the Fathers of American Government, one is impressed first, with their high moral standard. They were brave soldiers, noble statesmen, and renowned orators. But the world holds in memory something greater than the soldier's bravery, the statesmen's nobility, and the eloquent words of the orator. It is the moral power of the man, first their actions, and secondary, their deeds. They lived pure lives, and did those things which were helpful to their fellowmen, thus promoting the general welfare of the nation.

With such examples, we have the unfolding of a true character, as the records of their lives are but the registers of their deeds.

Who are the great men, whose lives impressed us for good? Some of them are Washington, Lincoln, Franklin and Webster. These men so shaped their lives, so moulded their characters, that they will ever be held up as beacon lights for others to follow.

Such men who had their high ideals of life and character, and noble examples of honor and service, should be kept before the vision of the rising generation, and their admiration and love for such characters will be quickened.

In the literary field, we are morally impressed with the life of Thomas Carlyle.

He exerted an unexampled influence upon his contemporaries, because his moral aim was high. He strove to impress upon the minds of his readers, his greatness and heroism of character, and his love for honest work in any calling of life.

Turning aside from the records of those who lived in the past, we inquire as to the living examples of the present century. The question arises as to how will the minds and hearts of the future generation be influenced? How can morality be foremost in a community or country, when the atmosphere which surrounds it is contaminated with vice?

The answer comes back from the future, and proclaims, "By doing that which conscience claims is right; by examples rather than precepts; by giving to the world that which you owe it, a good life—a good character. When the parents of this land cease reproving and admonishing, and turn their attention to expecting from their children courtesy, honesty, chastity in word and deed, morality, in all that the word conveys, and so reinforce their expectation by their own daily life and conversation, that they may be able to see the desirability of that method of living as contrasted with a life of evil tendencies: then and then only shall they see the results at which they aim in the training of the young. If by the ordering of our own lives and the exercise of that quiet personal influence (which is the strongest moral force in the universe) we shall be able to impress our young associates, with the beauty and simplicity, the desirability and usefulness of a life, which is nothing in secret, nothing hidden in

regard to personal character and conduct, that would need to cause shame or humiliation, if proclaimed upon the housetops.

The home is the school, and the mother the best of all teachers of morality. It is there that the child receives the first and lasting impressions of good. If the lives of the parents be founded on intellectual, moral, and religious principles, if in the words, thoughts, and deeds, the highest examples are displayed, then their influence would be nothing else but moral.

From such homes will come men and women who will form the bulwark of national prosperity. From such homes will come those whose foundation will be well constructed. It is a principle of moral evolution that any one can overcome evil, if he have a sufficient motive. There are three orders of young men in the course of moral gravitation: first, those who are able to resist every allurements of vice, second, those who make mistakes, but who correct them, and third, those who repeat evil until it becomes a habit.

The first-class, has the highest form of moral power, which is purity as his first requisite in life. For purity, is one of the virtues that will fortify the manhood and character of any man. The most influential of all virtues are those which are in request for daily use. They wear the best and last the longest. To strengthen moral attributes, one must cultivate the love for study, the desire to do right, carefulness in the choice of friends, and honesty of purpose, and the latter holds a man straight, and forms the main-spring for vigorous

action. There may be impressions of greatness and nobility in this present age, but there is no nobility which transcends that of character. A man is great because he has a character, because he is the embodiment of true and lofty principles. Such principles are not the product of earthly aspirations; they are heaven born.

Religion sets before the mind a perfect ideal of moral character, demands the subjection of passion to reason; of appetite to will; of all the faculties to conscience, and the word and spirit of God. It describes the only character which God can approve; presents it in the person of Christ, and inspires the heart with high ambition to conform to it, strengthening it against every impeding inward impulse, or able outward influence.

The highest form of self-moulding of character opens the gates of endless progress, and justifies the noble sentiment of Daniel Webster: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we instill them with principles, with the just fear of God, and of our fellow-men, we engrave something which will brighten to all eternity.

DOMESTIC ART IN THE HOME

By R. MABEL MOOREMAN

IF the mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world home-like, a knowledge of domestic art and the application of that knowledge to the home should be to her, the foundation upon which she must build.

This knowledge puts her in touch

with the most modern and best ideas of right living, along the lines of our many social needs and aspirations. Such knowledge necessarily will help to make a better home-maker and a better mother, always one of the most essential needs of a progressive civilization.

Of the institutions that educate, the home is possibly the oldest and most important. Here the plastic mind of the child receives its earliest and most indelible impressions, here his physical being is nourished, here his ethical notions take root, and here are formed these habits of mind and body that will determine his destiny.

Since environment is one of the strongest factors in influencing the development of the child, every opportunity should be seized by the parent to make that environment favorable, both in a physical and spiritual sense. Let the home be the basis of this favorable environment. Before the child has entered school, the mother whose mind has been directed to the subject of domestic art and science, has instilled in him ideas of order, cleanliness and neatness. These ideas have taken the form of habits—those routine practices that play such an important part in one's life.

The child's eye has rested on the decorations in the home, and if taste and harmony of color have played a part in their selections and arrangements; he brings to the school room an appreciation of color and harmony, that can be felt even if it is difficult for him to express it in words or in form. To feel beauty and harmony is worth while in a world much given to a worship of

things of the senses. You may ask what domestic art embraces, that makes it so important in the home, and consequently a part of the environment that the child enters in at birth.

First, is the hand work connected with the home, such as needle-work, basketry, cord-work, crocheting, knitting, bead-work and weaving on the simply contrived hand looms. Next comes a study of fabrics, their beginnings in the arts and industries of primitive life, the development of spinning and weaving, modern processes of manufacturers, economic values and their effect on social conditions. Then follows work in drafting and making garments, in which are considered the principles of garment and dress-making, the taking of accurate measurements and the choice and economical cutting of material. Work in millinery also receives attention.

In connection with the foregoing some notion is given of art in every day life—color and its use in the home, effect of different textiles, healthful and beautiful clothing and furniture.

Under the subject of household arts and economics, some work is also given about the organization of the home and its adaptation to modern conditions, cleansing of the house, cost of living and domestic service.

Such a thorough course in domestic art as I have indicated, gives to the girl not only a great deal of manual dexterity and an industrial intelligence, that have a commercial value to her as a wage-earner, but also a matrimonial worth to her as a home-maker.

Let us assume that a young woman

has taken a thorough course in domestic art, and is engaged either in teaching the subject in a school, or is employed in a dress-making or millinery establishment. The result of her work will not end with the school or the shop, but must find expression in her home life, whether she lives the life of a bachelor maid or is a part of her own family circle. It will also influence her associates' ideas of color, harmony, taste, economy and beauty in dress, and in household decorations. Here in this case domestic art has given the young woman, not only economic independence but has been the medium through which many other women obtain correct ideas of dress and household decorations.

Let us change the position of the young woman who has taken a thorough course in domestic art, and make her the mistress of her own home. Her training is brought into play to make beauty and cleanliness her household gods—the chief dieties in her domestic heaven. System and economy are the daily prayers offered on the altar of these household gods. System here means order from the kitchen to the parlor, from the flower bed in the yard to the ash receptacle in the cellar. System here means also proper care of food and clothing, furniture and all the varied elements of a well regulated domestic establishment.

Economy means prevention of waste whether of food, clothing, children's toys or the husband's collars and neckties. Beauty and cleanliness are the externals that make the home, while system and economy are the means of preserving it. All these taken together

make the home environment into which the child comes, and which shapes and controls his life for the service of humanity.

Domestic art is not a fad, not a means for earning a livelihood, but an instrument for making women better, homes more attractive, children more beautiful physically and spiritually, and the world a better place in which to live.

A people emerging into civilization like the colored race in America, needs not only personal freedom, but an industrial education from which will evolve a proper home life, the foundation of progressive society. Domestic art in its broadest sense offers to the young colored woman an opportunity to render to herself the greatest economic freedom, and leads her into a road of domestic charms and beauty, where there is always found ever blooming flowers of usefulness and joy.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

By GEORGE F. PERRY

S AID a popular speaker on one occasion, "Success is making the most of one's opportunities; living up to the full measure of one's ability; doing your work earnestly, honestly, ever striving throughout life to contribute to the happiness of others."

"Success," says Webster, in words which mean about the same, "Is the successful termination of a thing attempted."

Prominent among the elements of success are, honesty of purpose, proper intellectual aspirations, emulation, application, and concentration; these elements combined with push, pluck and perse-

verance, make their possessor measurably sure of success.

Robert Fulton did not stop with one effort while trying to launch his boat; but it was only after many efforts to make each piece of the vessel perform the work for which it was designed by Fulton that the world through honesty of purpose possessed the first steam boat.

Cyrus W. Field spent weary months, years, and a fortune, in trying to lay the first oceanic cable; and met with discouragements that would have baffled most men, but at last succeeded, and now, through the agency of the cable, the entire world is made akin.

A man's success is not measured by the number of years which he has lived, nor by the amount of money that he has accumulated, but it is, or should be, measured by the good which he has done for his fellow-beings.

Some men live more in one year, because of the noble contributions which they make to society, than others do in a decade, or even in a lifetime.

Take, for an example of successful attainment, the noble President of Lincoln Institute, Dr. Benjamin Franklin Allen, who was 'chosen to shape its destiny while it was in a perilous condition from various causes; its enrollment, numbering from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five pupils: and the spirit of enthusiasm waning; this, "noblest Roman of them all," has added here a little, and there a great deal, until the last annual enrollment, i. e. for 1906-1907 was six hundred students,

To few men does life bring a brighter day than that which places the crown upon their scholastic labors and bids them

go forth from the halls of their *alma mater* to the great world's extensive battlefield. To the man who thinks, the brightest joy is serious, and in the midst of supreme delight, there comes to the soul a stillness which permits it to rise to the serene sphere where truth is most gladly heard and most easily perceived. Indeed, serious thoughts should ever be uppermost within our souls as we think of the future and the success or defeat it may hold for us, but let us strive and hope to develop these elements, quoted as necessary to success.

That honesty of purpose is one of the elements of success most necessary, is shown in the business life of the world to-day, by the constantly growing disposition to get money dishonestly.

Money is not only a medium of exchange, but it is also a commodity like corn, wheat, or iron, yet men who would die of shame if caught stealing wheat, corn or iron, do not hesitate to steal money whenever the opportunity presents itself.

While they would hesitate to steal the things mentioned above and insist upon

giving their customers the proverbial "Square deal," these same persons will try to get money from their customers without giving them value received. To over-match another in trade is the prevailing rule of the game, but success reached in this way is false and temporary.

When Euclid was explaining to Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt, the principles of geometry, Ptolemy inquired whether he could not learn the lesson by some easier method; whereupon Euclid answered: "Sir, there is no royal road to learning." And the statement is as true to-day, as it was twenty-two centuries ago.

There is no royal road to wisdom nor to success; nor is this road open to kings alone, it is open to you and to me, as well as to royalty.

We too, may win, although to do this requires perhaps a struggle and perhaps, meanwhile many a defeat, but, as Tennyson has so nobly expressed it:—

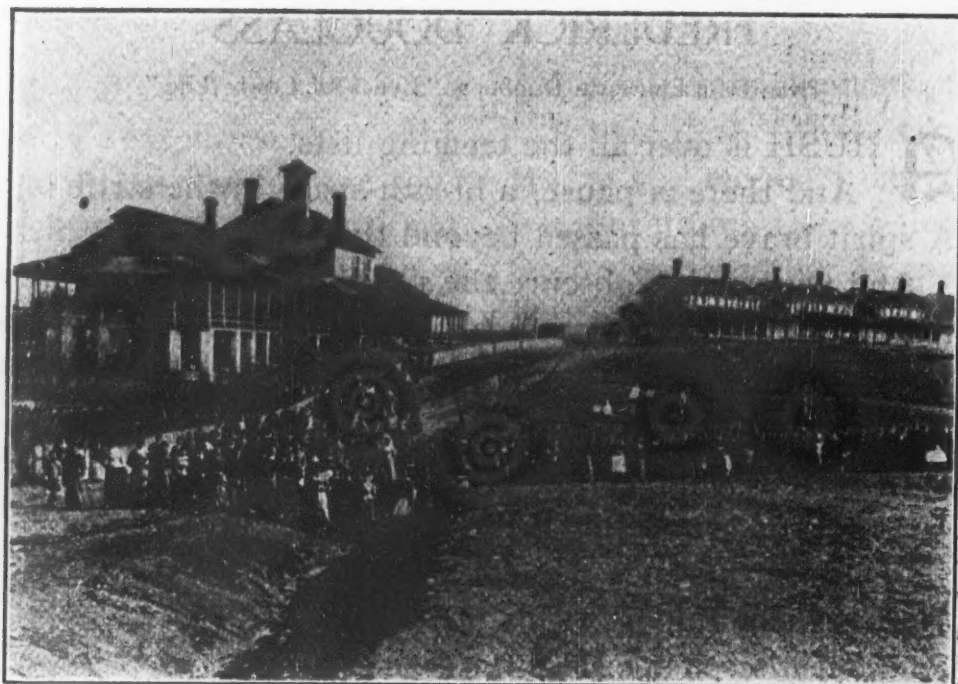
I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

From Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Lyrics of Lowly Life"

A HUSH is over all the teeming lists,
And there is pause, a breath-space in the strife;
A spirit brave has passed beyond the mists
And vapors that obscure the sun of life.
And Ethiopia, with bosom torn,
Laments the passing of her noblest born.
When men maligned him, and their torrent wrath
In furious imprecations o'er him broke,
He kept his counsel as he kept his path;
'Twas for his race, not for himself, he spoke.
He knew the import of his Master's call,
And felt himself too mighty to be small.
No miser in the good he held was he,—
His kindness followed his horizon's rim.
His heart, his talents, and his hands were free
To all who truly needed aught of him.
Where poverty and ignorance were rife,
He gave his bounty as he gave his life.
The place and cause that first aroused his might
Still proved its power until his latest day.
In Freedom's lists and for the aid of Right
Still in the foremost rank he waged the fray;
Wrong lived; his occupation was not gone.
He died in action with his armor on!
We weep for him, but we have touched his hand,
And felt the magic of his presence nigh,
The current that he sent throughout the land,
The kindling spirit of his battle-cry.
O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet,
And place our banner where his hopes were set!
Oh, Douglass, thou hast passed beyond the shore,
But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale!
Thou 'st taught thy race how high her hopes may soar,
And bade her seek the heights, nor faint, nor fail.
She will not fail, she heeds thy stirring cry,
She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh,
And, rising from beneath the chast'ning rod,
She stretches out her bleeding hands to God!



OLD SPELMAN IN 1883



THE FOUNDERS



SPELMAN SEMINARY, FRONT CAMPUS

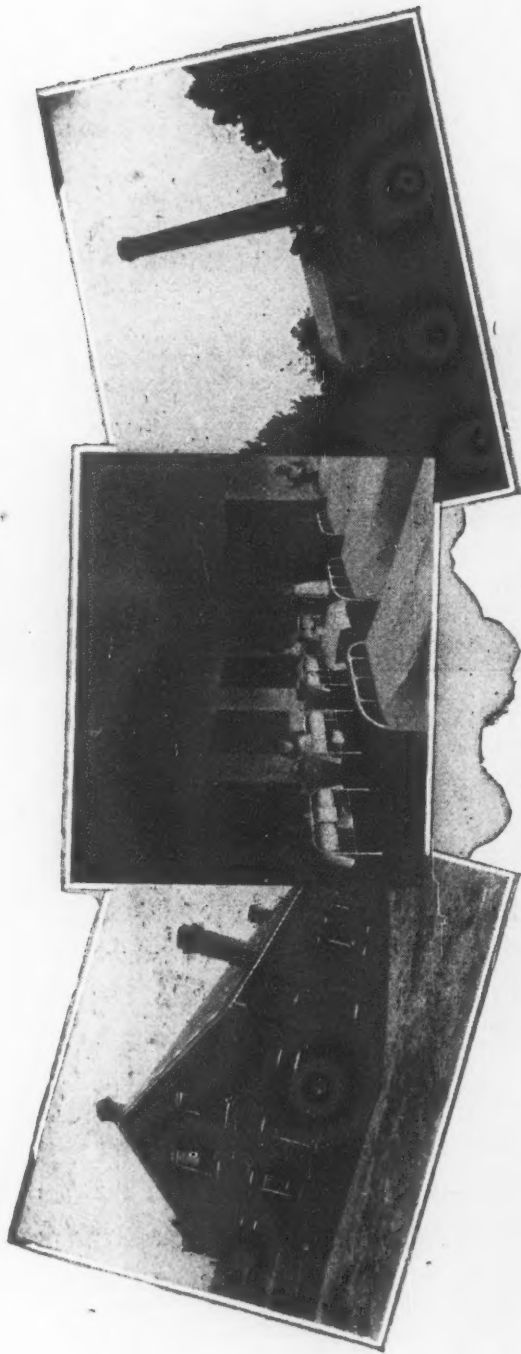
Spelman Seminary

By MABEL H. PARSONS

SPELMAN SEMINARY in Atlanta, Georgia, is called the "Mt. Holyoke of the South." It is the largest school of its kind in the world—an institution exclusively for colored women and girls. The six hundred and seventy pupils attending last year represented twenty-seven states of the Union, Costa Rica and the Congo Free State. Ages vary from that of the tots who come as day scholars from the Orphans' Home near by, to middle aged women, some of

them with grown families. Not long ago a grandmother and her granddaughter came hand in hand to drink of the wells of knowledge of Spelman.

We have many departments of instruction. A girl may become proficient in almost anything she wishes here at Spelman. At a tender age she may enter the primary grade and remain within our walls until she receives her degree of Bachelor of Arts. The Teachers' Professional Department is highly appreciated, as there is an ever increasing demand for competent instructors. Our



LAUNDRY, WARD IN HOSPITAL, STEAM PLANT



BASEMENT



HOSPITAL

well-equipped hospital and cosy Nurses' Home make the nursing profession inviting to all so inclined. The Christian Workers' Course attracts those who are planning to be missionaries. Besides following a program of Bible study, the members of this department gain much of practical value, by assisting the leaders in mothers' meetings and children's gatherings. Each week about twenty little waifs are brought in from the streets and are taught regarding the things of the Kingdom. Visiting is also done in the homes of the needy, when many opportunities are revealed for helping those poor in body and in soul. Instruction by especially trained teachers is given in printing, dressmaking, millinery, music and the domestic arts. Besides the usual subjects taught in the grades, careful attention is given to basketry, gardening, plain sewing and mending. During the twenty-six years of the school's existence, 342 diplomas and 458 certificates have been presented upon the satisfactory completion of prescribed work in various courses. The following advertisement, framed in rhyme, gives a good idea of what we attempt:

SPELMAN SEMINARY

I come in plain and simple rhymes
That need no commentary
To show that every girl should go
To Spelman Seminary.

If one should wish to be a cook
And first class commissary,
To buy and cook and serve she'll learn
At Spelman Seminary.

Or if fine dresses she would make,
(Or plain and ordinary.)

She'll learn just how to cut and fit
At Spelman Seminary.

And then to mend or darn a rent
Is often exemplary;
They teach all that and teach it well
At Spelman Seminary.

And if she needs must have a hat,
Lasting or temporary
She'll also learn how to make that
At Spelman Seminary

To make a home and keep it clean,
That's never secondary;
She'll learn to keep all spick and span
At Spelman Seminary.

When husband, home, and children come,
She'll keep all sanitary
If she's been taught the rules of health
At Spelman Seminary.

If education she would seek
In learning literary,
Then that's the place; they're through and
through
At Spelman Seminary.

Perhaps she would a teacher be,
Or private secretary;
They fit for each and every place
At Spelman Seminary.

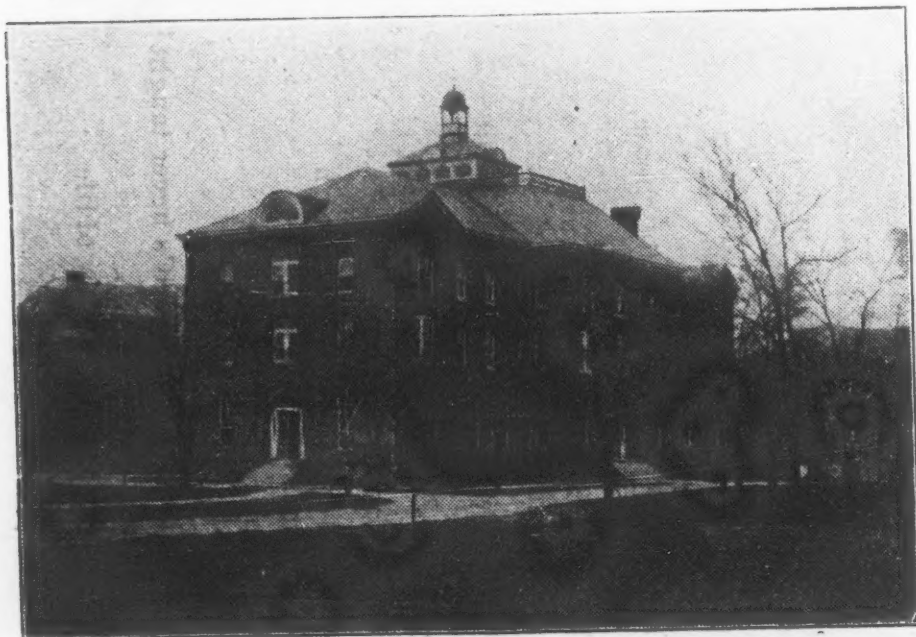
Or would she go to foreign fields,
A Christian emissary;
The Bible's taught beyond all else
At Spelman Seminary.

To heal the sick if she should choose,
Without apothecary
Then she can learn to be a nurse
At Spelman Seminary.

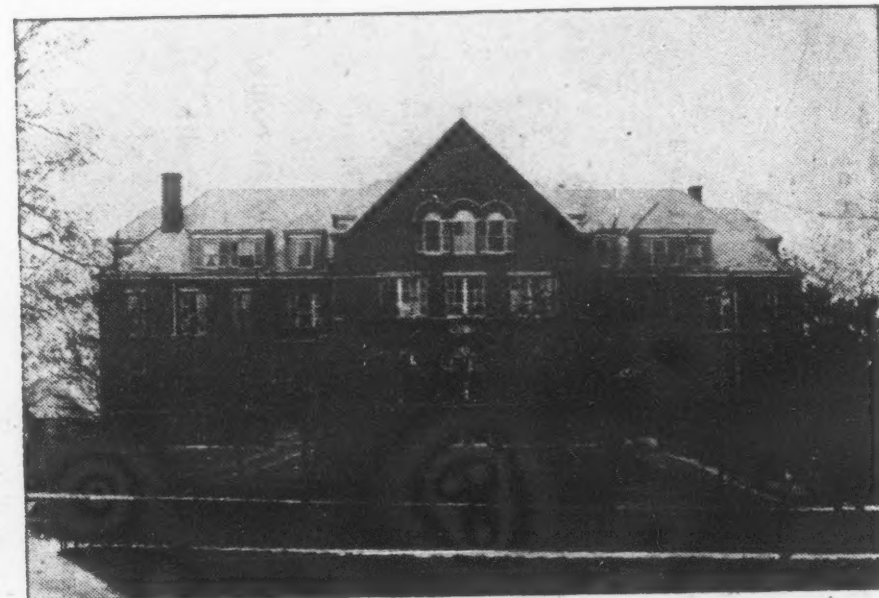
Or if she'd put her thoughts in print
In style epistolary,
The "Art Preservative" is taught
At Spelman Seminary.

And then a maid may music learn
To sing in sanctuary
Or play piano with the best,
At Spelman Seminary.

There's just one thing that's never taught]
The thought incendiary,
The Golden Rule's the law of life
At Spelman Seminary.



ROCKEFELLER HALL



MORGAN HALL



MOREHOUSE HALL



REYNOLD'S COTTAGE, PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE

Each in her place is busy there
 As bee in apiary;
 That Satan may no mischief find
 For Spelman Seminary.
 Of course I know you're thinking now
 Of matters monetary;

Well, every day is bargain day
 At Spelman Seminary.
 I'm sure you see this is the place
 To learn what's necessary;
 So send your daughters right away
 To Spelman Seminary.



GILES' HALL

The history of this school reads like a romance. In 1881 two New England women, Miss Packard and Miss Giles, left home and friends to journey to this Southland with the purpose of helping the women of a needy race. Reaching Atlanta, they were directed to "Father" Quarles, an old colored preacher who had long been praying that the Lord would send some one to uplift the women of his race. They found him on his knees, breathing his usual petition. Going to the door, the happiness was vouchsafed him of extending a welcome to the answer of his prayers. He had little to give, but offered these ladies the basement of his church, where a few days later eleven pupils assembled and Spelman Seminary had its birth. Though this place was most unattractive it soon filled to overflowing. Another

teacher coming a few months later, was forced to conduct her class in the empty coal bin. Friends in the North, hearing of this success, and repenting their previous opposition to this heroic movement, now made gifts for the support of the school. In less than two years, they moved from that dark, damp basement to the present grounds to occupy the old frame buildings, formerly used as barracks. To-day the campus is a scene of rare loveliness. On high ground, the situation is one of health and beauty. Electric cars passing our gate go to the business portion of the city and connect with all lines for parks and suburbs. Enclosed within a neat iron fence, our twenty acres are well laid out with walks and driveways of crushed stone. The bluegrass and alfalfa keep their color and freshness all the year. Owing to the

generosity of Northern friends, we have ten brick buildings. A steam plant furnishes heat and light to all those within our gates. The school, however, is not endowed, but is dependent each year upon friends who are interested in its welfare. The responsibility of thus raising funds is very heavy and is keenly felt by those in charge, especially by the President and founder, Miss H. E. Giles.

The religious life of Spelman is very beneficial. In seeking to develop the three-fold nature, the importance of soul culture is ever kept in view. We desire to guide the heart as well as the head and hand. The motto of the school is,

school, to needy Negro institutions: as the Orphans' Home, the Old Folks' Home, the Free Kindergarten Association of Atlanta and the Reformatory at Macon. This year the sum amounted to sixty dollars.

Our School paper, "The Spelman Messenger," published each month, gives much information as to happenings here and something of the world beyond.

During the twenty-six years of the school's existence more than six thousand different girls have been in the school. A careful record kept of our graduates shows that 94 per cent. of



PACKARD HALL

"Our Whole School for Christ." We have a Young Women's Christian Association, a Foreign Mission Circle, a Home Mission Band and a Christian Endeavor Society. These organizations are carried on by the girls themselves, so that when they go out as leaders, they will know how to do good work in a systematic way. Each Christmas, we give as a

them turn out well. Their influence, as they go from us as teachers, missionaries, trained nurses and home-makers, can hardly be estimated. Leaders of both races in the South testify to the power of the "Spelman spirit," the atmosphere suggesting thoroughness, devotion to work and unselfish good will to all.

The Love That Could Not Sin

An Arabian Romance

By RALPH W. TYLER

CHAPTER III.



THE disposition to magnify woman's indiscretions, making the most trivial breach of an unreasonable custom and unjust law appear a crime of such moment as to excite the direct censure, prevailed even when Mary Magdeline lived to suffuse goodness. There had been no cessation in the rigorous enforcement of an arbitrary and unreasonable custom that prescribed woman's limitation to the point where her smile, or her speech bestowed innocently on man could be accepted as final and indisputable evidence of flagrant immorality.

The disposition to pass over lightly, and excuse the gravest crimes committed by men, because of the unreasonable assumption that man, because of his very nature, is licensed to give his passions untrammelled sway, antedates, by centuries, the advent of Resoul Allah.

That custom, so unfair, that makes woman a captive without even the right to defence, was responsible for the acceptance as truth by all the people of Medina, of the story that because Ayesha and Safwan were alone in her tent, she had been guilty of an unforgiven sin.

The vine sends out its tender tendrils, nourished by the sun and the rain, which

catch the nearest object to which it may cling. If there be no object in reach, continuing to grow, the tendrils become branches, and, for lack of support, fall to earth and extend over the uncongenial ground, oftentimes hugging a rank growth of pestilential weeds, or uncompanionable shrubbage, instead of shooting up and aloft, as nature designed.

A woman's love must find its affinity above the cold, sordid, unfeeling, amorous man, the man who never gazes aloft and drinks in the beauty of the skies, or it falls, sadly and mixes in abandonment, with the flesh-pots of the earth.

By her very nature woman, even the worst of them, craves the highest and most beautiful creations. Give woman a satisfying love, the love of a man whose heart, soul and mind is steeped in the vapor of God-like beauty and God-like protection, and she will scorn all that which may be purchasable alone by gold—by gold obtained by subjugating the soul with the debasing influence of unrighteous covetousness.

Though an early victim of a deplorable custom that made fair woman the prey of man's passion, the finer sensibilities had not as yet become blunted by contact. By law, she was the wife. By a heavenly law she was still as free as the uncaged bird that wings its flight from tree to tree. Her whole self has

been to the prophet by an earthly law. Her heart, her love, was still in her keeping, to be disposed of by her alone. The prophet's wealth and power, which might vouchsafe to her luxuries, ease and costly raiment, was not a fair exchange for her love.

A woman's love cannot be purchased. Its recipient has it bestowed upon him freely, and unasked.

Safwan was a noble fellow, a man within whose bosom beat a real heart. In him were all those gentle and beautiful characteristics that most successfully appeal to a woman. When Ayesha threw her arms about him in her own tent, and told him of her warm love, no debasing passion asserted itself in the breast of either; no evil thought chilled the warmth of purity. She gave to him what she yet possessed, and had a right to give—her love. He offered in return that which was his to give, his love, his very self. They were both young, both with minds and hearts susceptible of affinity's influence.

It is just as natural for a woman of tender years to seek her affinity in one whose years but equal her's, as it is for the mountain stream to hurry to mix with the waters of the sea below. It is just as unnatural for a young woman's love to repose contentedly in the keeping of a life partner whose years are all behind him, as it would be for the volcano to give forth eruptions of life-giving substances instead of the burning, life-destroying lava it spreads over the land around.

If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his visionary aspiration. If there is a sin-

gle blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual.

The moon as she rides through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquility—a gain bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power. Without love what would the world be? As a creation without light; yet possessing it, as we do; how does it discompose the soberest plans of reason? How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? It is the poetry of thought when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual halo of soft light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flower, luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its young nature; or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute passing over the silent chords, till it doth discourse most eloquent music.

When Ayesha heard of the scandal circulated at her expense, she drew her veil closer over her face, and for a whole month remained in her home. Only the pure woman who has had chastity questioned, and denied the right or opportunity to send the truth to overtake and vanquish the lie, can appreciate the feelings of this beautiful woman as she lay on her couch sick with an affliction more horrible than leprosy—the loss of character—loss yet undefiled.

Although the prophet again took her to him, she could never forget nor forgive that he had doubted her virtue. A woman can forget and forgive everything, save the slanderous tongue that defames her virtue, which is an apple in which the devil's teeth have never yet sunk to mar the golden-colored rind.

When Safwan learned from the prophet that he could not hope to continue as Ayesha's attendant, he was sorely grieved. He now realized what it would mean to be separated from her. The few words they spoke, when alone in the tent, had aroused his latent feeling of love and bade him up and doing.

Any strategy is fair where love works for love, for every lover believes it is as impossible for love, rooted deep in the heart, to do wrong as it was for Christ to speak evil.

Naturally, Safwan began to rack his brain in the attempt to devise some means by which he might possess Ayesha. She was his by the heart's decree—

decree higher, nobler, purer than any law man has promulgated, he reasoned. But how? That was the question that puzzled him. She had denied herself to all, save her maids, for a month. The prophet had provided against the possibility of his communicating with her. But love can dissipate the greatest obstacle. Love can enlist sympathy where oppression causeth not even a sigh. All women will lend love a helping hand.

"If she really loves me, the way will be found," he mused to himself. Meeting an old woman, who was passing, he said to her:

"Thou were once young, like myself?"

"Many years ago," she replied, "but why such question to a stranger?"

"And thou didst love when young?"

"Yes my son, but thou must be beside thyself to ask these questions," she returned.

"Listen, mother, whose gray locks and shriveled and stooped frame tells of many years that have passed since thou didst love, and had thy love returned, I have a favor to crave of thee. Do it, and thy remaining years will be peace and plenty."

The old woman looked at him in wonderment,

Continuing, he said: "I trust thee with a secret dearer than life to me, for 'tis said an old woman ne'er betrays. Thou knowest Ayesha, the prophet's wife?"

The old woman nodded her head indicating she did.

With that impetuosity of a lover that brooks all restraint, he at once launched into the telling of his secret,

"Ayesha is mine by right of love. I cannot see her, nor can I communicate with her. Thou art an old woman, and therefore canst excite no suspicion. Go thee to Ayesha. Tell her I sent thee; that I love her: that my devotion to her is incalculable, and ask her if she still bids me hope, say to her that if the answer be 'hope,' just the one word—hope, I will remain steadfast until hope becomes a triumphant realization. Whether thou return with the message of hope or with the word that will stifle hope; thou shalt receive reward for thy mission. This purse, containing twelve and a half okes, I give thee now, before thou startest, for by thy wrinkles and thy snow-

white hair, I can swear thou wilt not betray."

The old woman took the purse, amazed at such great reward, and hobbled away.

Now Safwan determined to first learn if Ayesha's love was as warm for him as on the night she avowed it to him. If so, then he would set about to perfect plans that would assure to him, for his own, the prophet's wife. Already he had fixed upon his plans, should her answer be favorable, and he was impatient to put them into operation.

He watched the old woman, as she disappeared from view, her halting step of age, permitting her to move but slowly. So slow that his impatience increased, making moments, to him, seem hours, and hours, days. All day he waited for the return of the old messenger, and as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, with still no sign of the old woman, he became much troubled. He wondered if the old woman had proved false. "No, no," he said to himself, "age is never false."

An hundred disquieting thoughts haunted his brain. He was almost on the point of proceeding, himself, to the house, passing all guards and servants, and flying into Ayesha's presence. While in this frame of mind, he caught sight of the old woman, hobbling along, with a tired gait. He rushed to meet her, and coming up, almost breathlessly, exclaimed:

"Thy answer. Quick! Woman I can wait not a moment longer, or I will go mad!"

"Hope," the old woman said, panting for breath, after her long walk.

He stood staring at her in doubt.

Doubting whether he heard aright. Doubting whether his eyes saw aright. Doubting whether he was awake or but dreaming. The old woman, wise from age, divined his doubts and, laying her trembling, bony hand upon his arm, in an-assuring manner, said:

"'Tis I who went and returned with the answer 'Hope' from Ayesha."

"Hope! Hope!" he exclaimed, and then kissing the old woman, just as the grateful, loving son would kiss the mother who bore him, he said to her:

"Remember, this secret thou art to keep. Thou hast brought me that which makes my living worth the effort. As the purse I gave thee will provide comfort for thy declining years, so wilt that word 'hope,' which thou didst bring from Ayesha, provide happiness for my future."

With this, he was off. The old woman watched his retreating form, and mused to herself: "Child, little doth thou know that summer's flowers of expectancy will be withered by winter's frost of disappointment."

CHAPTER IV.

Though chief of the powerful tribe of Khazradites, Abdallah knew not one, among all his people, whom he could trust to help him plan and execute for the overthrow of the prophet.

Opposition is either selfish or unselfish; either actuated by a desire for reformation, or for vengeance. Unselfish opposition is always led by a leader who is audaciously bold. He scorns alliances requiring secret movements and secret promises of reward. The selfish opposition is always led by those who have a

personal grievance. Any reformation that results from the work of selfish leaders is never lasting. It is so hedged about with bitter animosities, and false ambitions that it cannot but fail. Evil that is reformed by selfish opposition relapses into a state far more vicious in its influence than existed prior to the advent of the reforming influence exerted by selfish and vengeance-actuated leaders.

Abdallah never was in perfect accord with the faith promulgated by the prophet. His early education, which had been acquired from the Nestorian monks, was not calculated to accept another prophet after Christ. And that education was not such as to permit him to conceive of a prophet sent to interpret the religion of Abraham, who could harmonize brute force and animal passion with the gentleness and purity of the immaculate Christ.

The people of Medina had accepted the prophet, however, and Abdallah acquiesced with a sort of indifferent passiveness. The prophet's refusal to permit him and his warriors to participate in the battle of Ohod provoked in him a personal enmity for the prophet. The assault upon one of his tribes at the wells of Mraisi, was seized upon as justification for opposing the prophet. The prophet's affair with Zeinab, the wife of Zeid, which, at the time, excited no censure from Abdallah, was now seized upon by him as just grounds for a crusade against the prophet. Secretly, down in his heart, he not only envied the prophet's growing influence and power, but he coveted Zeinab, the prophet's fourth wife.

To succeed against the prophet, he must have time, and an assistant more masterful and more brave than he, and that assistant must possess a strong selfish reason for desiring the prophet's fall, in order to excite deep interest.

Where among his tribe, the Khazradites, could he find such a lieutenant? If his tribe had any serious objections to the prophet's leadership these objections had been dissipated by the booty received in the expedition against the Beni Mostaleks. Tributes in shape of worldly goods, much reward in gold, or gold-convertible goods covers honesty and purity with the barnacles of repulsive selfishness.

The prophet's doctrine of the sword had enabled the Khazradites to share in the five thousand sheep, the one thousand camels, and the rich ransom derived from the two hundred prisoners captured from the Beni Mostaleks. A faith and a doctrine that increased their earthly possessions was a faith and a doctrine that was easy of acceptance. And though righteous men in the centuries to come might imprecate against the worship of gold, their voices were destined to be drowned by the awful clamor for wealth, which was to continue until 1910 years had passed, at which time, according to the signs of the then zodiac, according to the prophecy of the Prophet Mahomet as revealed to him by God, the great Allah will come to separate, forever, the dross from the pure.

With promises of riches, what cause had the Khazradites to complain against the prophet? Endow with riches, no matter how tainted with blood and corruption, and the ungodly argument of

the end, justifies the means is approved generally by priest and laymen.

These things were all considered well by Abdallah, and while thus engaged in the contemplation of such causes and effects, his servant announced to him that Safwan, the attendant of Ayesha, desired an interview. Abdallah's first thought, on hearing the name of Safwan, was that Ayesha's attendant had come on an evil mission; that he meant to do him harm for the story he had helped to spread, accusing Ayesha of immorality. But a moment's reflection convinced him that as a month had now passed, Safwan could have no evil designs at this late day, and especially so since the prophet had disbelieved the story, and had taken Ayesha to his bosom again. Thus satisfied, he ordered that Safwan be admitted to his presence. Safwan entered, and being welcomed by Abdallah, he was asked his mission.

Safwan assured him that he had come for advice and assistance, since he had been informed of Abdallah's enmity for the prophet. He told him of his love for Ayesha; of her love for him; of the recent message he had received—the one word 'Hope,' which confirmed his belief that she loved not the prophet.

He recited his story so ably that Abdallah marveled at the wisdom he possessed; marveled at his manly bearing; his splendid form, and his strong face. He had heard few men discourse so wisely—few men had he seen who could recount so vividly every detail connected with matters of import concerning themselves.

Safwan's recital of the affair in Ayesha's tent agreed with the report Abdal-

lah's slave had brought him. Safwan, however, stoutly maintained that Ayesha was yet as pure as an angel, saying that the love they bore for each other, being a gift from God, it could entertain no evil thought.

Abdallah listened attentively, hanging on every word that fell from Safwan's lips. He fancied he saw in this simple attendant, who too was impelled by selfishness, an able lieutenant. But he was only an attendant. The Khazradites, nor any of the inhabitants of Medina, would not elect to follow so insignificant a person as an attendant on a woman. Abdallah knew this, and knowing it, the thought of Safwan being of service to him as a leader was banished.

When Safwan had finished his story, Abdallah asked him in what manner he could be expected to assist, and what manner of advice he desired.

"Thou art opposed to the prophet because thou envy his power and influence, and because thou covet his wife Zeinab," said Safwan. "I would free Ayesha that she may be mine. Both having a cause for desiring that the prophet be relieved of his power to interfere with our happiness, why not make our cause mutual?"

"And thou knowest who that I am?" asked Abdallah.

"Yes," replied Safwan, "Thou art Abdallah the chief of the Khazradites."

"And thou knowest who thou art?" returned Abdallah, rather sarcastically, having in mind that Safwan was but a mere attendant on a woman, and he himself a chief. "Thinkest thou a bird can soar that hath a hindrance tied to its tail feathers?"

Drawing himself up to his full height,

his deep-set, piercing eyes looking straight into Abdallah's eyes; his handsome head haughtily poised, his erstwhile quiet demeanor instantly changed, Safwan replied:

"Dost thou know who that I am?"

At first surprised at the audacity of being thus addressed by one so far beneath him, and becoming angered by the sudden assumption of superior bearing and tone of voice, Abdallah, to awake Safwan to his position of the least respected of all man servants—an attendant to a woman, answered him saying in the most sneering manner:

"Thou art Safwan who sleeps with the camel that bears the wife of the prophet. Thou art Safwan, the wet-nurse to Ayesha."

With manner more proud and arrogant than before, if that be possible, Safwan replied:

"I am not Safwan, though by that name they call me. I am Al Safwan Ibn Marhab, a prince of the Tribe of Khaibar, of the line of Ibn al Kazat." Then taking from the third finger of the right hand a gold ring, set with precious stones, he said: "Behold the proof."

Abdallah was amazed at this announcement, and for a spell was lost for speech to make reply. Observing his amazement, Safwan told him how he had come to be known as Safwan only, his renunciation of his title, and desertion of his tribe that he might be near Ayesha, whose beauty not alone attracted him, but a subtle power approaching the divine. When Abdallah heard the strange and surprising story complete, he was satisfied this was the man who must work with him to accomplish the prophet's

fall or expulsion. Over a pot of honey and cup of wine, they swore allegiance.

Recognizing what a powerful ally the Khaibars would prove, before they separated, Abdallah planned that Safwan should return to his people, assume his position and authority as prince. He promised that he would induce the prophet to plan an expedition against the City of Khaibar, and appoint him, Safwan, a special envoy to Khaibar on a secret mission for the prophet. Knowing of the promised expedition in advance, which of course Safwan would acquaint them with, the Khaibarites might defeat the prophet's army. If they failed, it would be easy to induce the Khaibarites, stung by their defeat, to join later in a seditious movement against the prophet. Abdallah reasoned that the two people allied, the Khazadites and Khaibarites, the prophet would surely be overthrown, and in that overthrow, Safwan might claim Ayesha, and Abdallah might be recognized as head of Medina.

With this selfish plot Safwan fell in, and boastfully proclaimed that what they had planned would surely come to pass.

After deciding upon their plans, even to the minutest details, Safwan bid Abdallah adieu, until they met, each to claim his own.

Safwan was to return to Khaibar to assume his rightful place, as prince, and to wait the prophet's expedition. Abdallah was to remain in Medina to propagate treachery, that characteristic trait, if not an art, sad to say, of the sons of Arabia.

CHAPTER V.

It is more reasonable to expect peace among five half-starved Arabian dogs that are locked in a cage into which has been thrown one meat-cleaned bone than to expect harmony among five women whom the law requires to acknowledge one and the same man as husband. The dogs will fight and growl ferociously, each at the other, one at all and all at one, over that bone which would be insufficient to satisfy the starved appetite of one dog. Five women owing allegiance to one husband, and each feeling that the multiplicity was proof indisputable of that husband's cooling love or passion, will naturally become jealous, each of the other, and this jealousy must some time assert itself.

Each new wife the prophet took into himself was accepted by the others as an admission of the prophet's lessening regard for each, and all of those whom he had previously taken: or that his passion having been satiated, he had tired of them.

God never intended that man should tire of his wife, and when man tires of woman, no matter what be her failures, if he will examine himself closely he will discover that in his hands, his own hands, was the given power to nourish and preserve the happiness that prevailed on the wedding day. God never intended that man should indulge in a plurality of wives. If he had, Christ, who came to fulfill, not to destroy laws, would have taken many wives.

Swada complained to the prophet that a slave merited more smiles from him than she. Swada was wife only in name.

Ayesha, still possessing all the beauty, grace and fascination with which she had been blessed, brooded over the fact that Zeinab and Barra attracted him more than she.

Yet, the prophet really entertained a deeper regard for Ayesha than for any one of all his wives.

And so each wife, in turn, fancied that one of the others appeared more favorable in the eyes of the prophet.

Not one of the wives, save Swada, the eldest, loved the prophet with that love God requires that a true wife should bear for her husband. Yet, bearing his name, honorably, according to the law and rites of marriage, each assumed that she was obligated to conduct herself virtuously before the world, and before her God.

The affair of Ayesha and Safwan appeared to the others, who were aflame with jealousy, as a violation of law and custom that deserved expulsion from the prophet's household. The prophet's disbelief of the stories circulated, and his again taking Ayesha to his bosom, was accepted by the others as a recognition of a new doctrine that counted it no sin for wife to disregard virtue as an imperative necessity. The prophet's favoritism for Ayesha produced that which was inevitable—strife in his own household. He observed, with pain, the discord in his own home. Throughout the city of Medina tales were circulated as to how the prophet's wives disagreed. Observing the discontent and discord increasing with the coming of each morn, and the passing of each day, the prophet sought Ali, to whom he often turned for counsel, and acquainted him of the jealousy,

and lack of harmony prevailing among his wives, asked him what course was best to pursue.

"Chastise them with a rod, as thou wouldst a child," bluntly answered Ali, "and continue the chastisement until they agree to dwell in peace and harmony."

The suggestion was repugnant to the prophet, and he replied, saying:

"I would sooner drink the contents of the cup which Christ asked that be passed by him, if it be God's will, than strike fair, weak woman."

"Remember, O prophet, thou didst command us saying, 'If ye fear a breach between the husband and the wife, send a judge out of his family, and a judge out of her family; if they shall desire a reconciliation, God will cause them to agree, for God is knowing and wise.' Now if that law is wise for thy people to obey, why not for him who giveth the law? Let thee select judges, and let reconciliation be arranged after that manner."

"But, Ali, these are five women, and one man. Ye might induce agreement between man and wife, but between many women, never."

"Thou being a prophet, and knowing this, why didst thou take unto thyself many wives? Dost thou not know that one wife is trouble; two wives double trouble; three wives are trouble threefold; four wives fourfold trouble, and five wives more trouble than an army?"

"Thou speakest in part true, Ali, but thy speaking canst not remedy the evil. These boils I have already, and they give much pain and discomfort."

"Then, prophet, put all thy wives

from thee. Why shouldst thou have five wives when Christ took unto himself not even one? Christ preserved his purity without even one, and if thou be a prophet greater than he, surely thou hath the power to keep thy skirts spotless without wife. Thou hast five, and thou wouldst take another, didst thou but take fancy to a woman. Knowest thee not, prophet, that unless thee show greater strength than Christ thou canst not be accepted as greater than he by the infidels, and the strength to yield not to the glances of woman is the proof of man's purity. If a prophet canst not exercise control of passion, how canst he expect we that follow to be pure?

The prophet was much impressed, and affected with all that Ali had said. He well knew that there was much wisdom in the advice, and he well knew that a plurality of wives was but a cloak behind which to hide a revolting passion allowed to run amuck.

The prophet passed on to his house, deep in meditation, striving to bring himself to believe that God would justify his divorcing all his wives, and continuing thereafter through life as Christ lived, without wife or woman. As he passed along a Khazradite hailed him, saying:

"Prophet who may we not take as wife?"

Turning to him, the prophet replied: "Marry not women whom your fathers have had for wives, for this is unclean and an abomination, and an evil way. Ye are forbidden to marry your mothers, and your daughters, and your sisters, and your aunts both on the father's side and on the mother's side, and your

brother's daughters, and your sister's daughters, and your foster-sisters, and wives' mothers, and your daughters-in-law which are under your tuition, born of your wives, and the wives of your sons who proceed out of you loins; and ye are forbidden to take to wife two sisters. Ye are also forbidden to take to wife free women who are married. Under no circumstances take unto thyself more than one wife, for man canst not act equitably with many wives. Mind thee, each wife is trouble. The more wives thou hast, the more is thy trouble."

So saying, he continued to his house, and on entering, assembled his wives before him, saying to them:

"I have done ye all much injustice by taking you as wife. The jealousy and discord that prevails in our house, I, the prophet, interpret as God's displeasure with me for indulging in many wives, and as an injunction from God that man canst not act equitably with more than the one wife. Such of you who desire to depart may do so, for it is right that I leave it to you to say whether ye stay or not. Such as go will be prohibited from marrying or knowing men again. Such as remain shall be provided for, as will also they that go. Which of ye will go?"

Not one made reply. They could not divine his meaning. The jealousy prevailing among them caused each to suspect that the prophet's offer was but a plan to put from him all save one, with whom he might have had a previous understanding, and while not one among them really loved the prophet with the love becoming a wife, yet, true to the

womanly nature in them, neither one was willing to provide the monopoly of the prophet's pleasure and favor for any one. Then again, his stipulation that they that left his bed could not marry again seemed not fair and just.

No answer being vouchsafed, the prophet turned to Ayesha, and said:

"Ayesha wilt thou go or wilt thou remain?"

Visibly impressed by the directness of the prophet's question, and realizing fully what her answer must mean, Ayesha answered:

"O prophet, a woman should go whither her heart and her love abides."

Regarding her with an eye beaming with favor, the prophet asked:

"Where, Ayesha, abides thy heart and thy love?"

Before her arose the form of Safwan, and down upon her beamed those dark eyes of his. Then remembering the many kindnesses and the care the prophet had bestowed upon her; how he had waited until she should be of marriageable age, tears filled her eyes. She was at the turning of the road. Pleadingly she asked:

"Wilt thou not spare me the answering of thy question, O prophet? Thou wilt surely spare me?"

"Nay Ayesha, though I put you before all, thy answer must I have."

Turning her eyes up to heaven, as if beseeching God's protection, and God's forgiveness, she answered, but in a whisper only:

"With Safwan."

The answer staggered the prophet. He had not believed that such an answer could be made. He had consoled him-

self with the thought that Ayesha loved him deeply. Trembling with the sorrow Ayesha's answer had caused, he replied with a faltering voice:

"Tis given to the prophet to annul what he hath promulgated. Ye all shall remain." So saying he turned, and slowly entered another apartment.

This proof of his stronger affection for

Ayesha could only serve to increase the discord already existing, and could only serve to bring down upon her head the scorn of the other wives. She felt this much. She knew this much.

The greatest affliction that can fall to the lot of woman is to feel and know that she hath the love of two men, one only of which she can return.

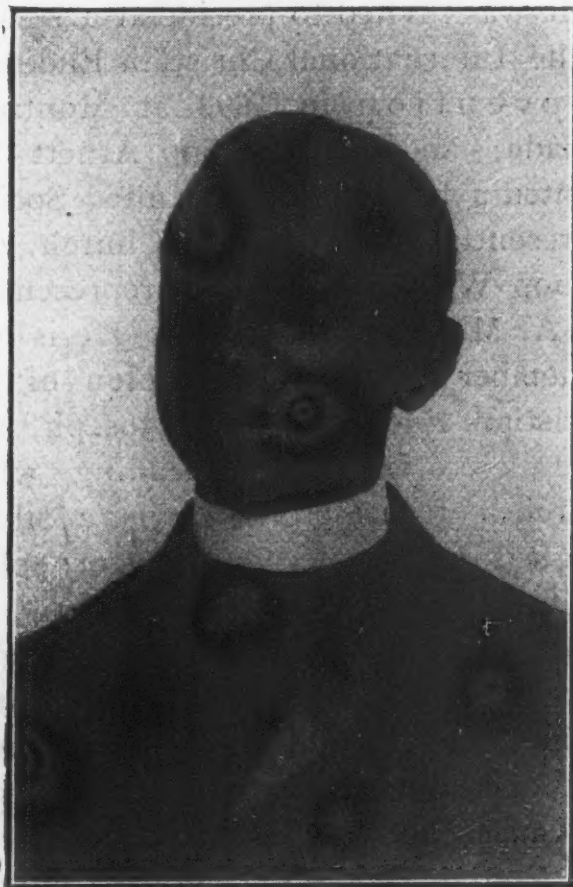
(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Worthy Young Minister



HE Rev. Julian C. Caldwell, A.M., B.D., pastor of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, St. Joseph, Missouri, was born in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, November 1st, 1870.

His parents moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1875. He was converted and joined Union A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, in 1885, under the pastorate of Dr. T. G. Steward. He became an active worker in the church, Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Society, and was given exhorter's license at the age of 17. After attending the public school, Manual Training School and National School of Elocution and Oratory in Philadelphia in 1891, he matriculated at Wilberforce University and Payne Theological Seminary, graduating from the seminary in 1896 as first honor man of his class. In the fall of 1896 he joined the Missouri Annual Conference, Bishop B. T. Tanner, D.D., presiding Bishop. He has pastored successfully



REV. JULIAN C. CALDWELL

the following charges: Jefferson City, Springfield, Lexington and Independence, besides doing mission work in Dayton, Ohio. He is now serving his

fifth year as pastor of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, of St. Joseph, Mo., the leading charge of the North Missouri Conference.

He has always been an active and enthusiastic worker among the young people. He was District Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Lancaster District in the Philadelphia Conference, and one of the organizers of the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, and for many years a member of the Board of Managers. He was president of the Y. M. C. A., at Wilberforce for five years, and organizer of the Y. P. S. C. E., at Wilberforce. He was State Organizer from 1891 to 1896, and a member of the Executive Committee.

He was invited to preside at a session of the International Christian Endeavor Convention in 1893 at Montreal, Canada, and had Bishop Arnett appointed a trustee of the United Society representing the A. M. E. Church, and Bishop Walters a trustee, representing the A. M. E. Zion Church. He is now a member of the Local Union of the Christian Endeavor in St. Joseph, and speaks often in the leading white churches of that city. He is a silver-tongued orator, successful pastor, splendid financier and a leader of men. He is president of the Negro Civic League, a member of the Executive Committee of the Constitutional League of Missouri, and of the Inter-state Literary Society of Kansas and the West; secretary of the Young People's Literary Congress of the Fifth Episcopal District, and a leader of his conference and church in the West.

He was married to Miss Mattie M. Bell, of Louisville, Ky., in 1900, who

is also a graduate of Wilberforce University. She is indeed a help-meet, being a beautiful singer, excellent musician, and a model house-keeper.

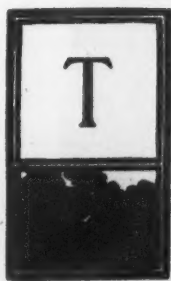
The church will make no mistake in electing Rev. J. C. Caldwell secretary of the Allen Christian Endeavor Society.

He is a Mason, a member of the Knights of Pythias, and a True Reformer. He is indeed interested in everything that tends to the upbuilding of his church and race. He is a trustee of Wilberforce University and of the Western University, of which Register W. T. Vernon is president.

It is a very great pleasure for us to present this brief history of our friend the Rev. J. C. Caldwell. The writer had the honor of being his guest, and during our stay in his city had an opportunity of observing the high esteem in which he is held by the people of St. Joseph, irrespective of color or condition. Dr. Caldwell was very active in the recent fair held at St. Joseph, and much of its success was due to his untiring efforts.

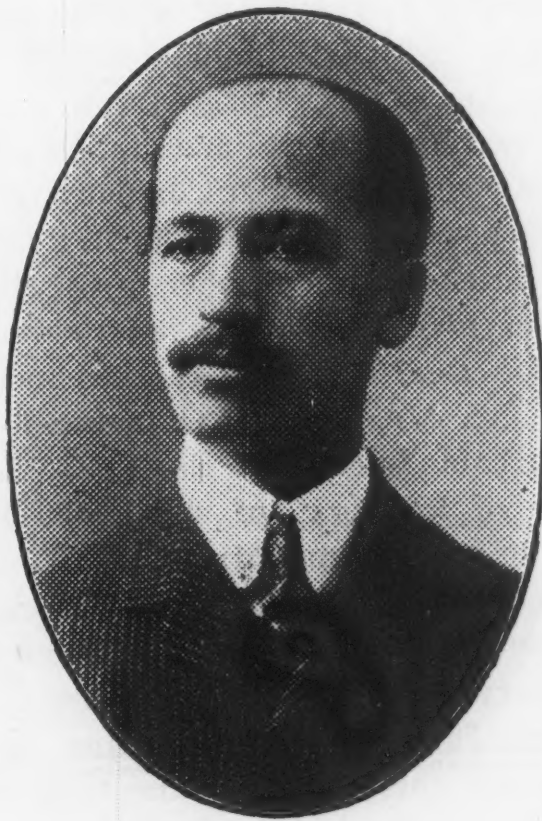
We are strong in our advocacy of him for the position of Secretary of the Allen Christian Endeavor Society, and we do not believe a more competent selection could be made by the convention. He is broad-gauged; is possessed of exceptional ability, and, above all, has a most excellent character, and is the kind of a man needed in this very responsible position. The delegate to the convention will be honoring themselves and reflecting credit on the powerful A. M. E. Church by electing this splendid young minister of the Gospel.

Two Enterprising Colored Men



WO of the foremost young business men of this community, who have recently come into prominence because of their organization of a splendid cigar manufacturing corporation, are Messrs. Jesse Goode, the hustling and prosperous South End grocer and Laurence A. Eichelburger, the well known Negro cigar manufacturer. Mr. Goode is president and Mr. Eichelburger is secretary, treasurer and general manager of the company, which is now enlarging its headquarters at 566 Shawmut avenue, preparatory to the enlarged business which the company is now getting. And it is one of the greatest recommendations of the new business that these remodelings must be delayed somewhat so that Mr. Eichelburger's large back orders now due may be filled. This gentleman for sixteen or seventeen years has been Boston's only successful colored master cigar-maker, having always on hand more work than he could attend to, so well has the superiority of his goods, such as the Famous Aone, Panetelas and Smoker Cigar commended itself to the smoking public. But any mention of Mr. Eichelburger's success would be incomplete without mention of the faithful and admirable services of his cultured and splendid wife, nee Miss Annie Dolme, of Florida. The cigar maker himself, though born in South Carolina, was reared in Florida, where

he served his apprenticeship in the making of Key West goods. To this day he makes some of the finest Havana popular smokes to be found anywhere, his "El Stilo" being a truly handsome piece of goods. For this purpose he employs two colored cigar makers, Messrs. Henry Armstrong from Alabama and Morris



MR. JESSE GOODE

from Jamaica, W. I. I., who are experts at the business. The hustling square-dealing manufacturer is a thorough race man, Republican and Mason and enjoys the esteem and confidence of this entire community. He employs all colored help whenever possible, patronizes his own, and as the conservative and systematic

manager of the Corporation, The Eichelburger Cigar Company of Boston is a plant of which the race should feel proud.

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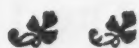
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